

THE Tatler

& Bystander weekly 1 April 1959

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THE DAIMLER 3.8 LITRE MAJESTIC

WHERE *to go*... WHAT *to see*

Planning your programme

BY JOHN MANN

TODAY begins the month of the spring flower shows. Some of these, though far from the capital, have won more than local fame. In the south-west, for example (where envious town gardeners believe they have access to atomic fertilizer) there are the **Falmouth** and **Bournemouth** shows today and tomorrow, followed by **Portsmouth & Southsea** (8 and 9 April) and **Exmouth** (11). Hard on the heels of these, East Anglia comes in strongly with the **Norfolk & Norwich** show (16-18 April), with **Colchester's** on the 18 too. And where these leave off, Yorkshire (as might be expected) carries on, with **Harrogate's Great Spring Flower Show**—and no mock modesty about it—from 23 to 25.

The description "most intriguing title of the year" might well be accorded the **Pinto Collection of Wooden Bygones**. This is not, as might be assumed, a ghostly parade of antiquated ships of the line, supporting each other on the mud of some forgotten harbour.

It consists of those objects with which our crafty forefathers made life easier for themselves in the days when mass-production was unthought of—such as snuff rasps, distaffs, tinder pistols and a "dame-school-clicker" for calling the inattentive to order. There, you will find a Yorkshire washing bat ("of the scarce ribbed type") and eight love token stay buses.

These 5,000 objects are at Oxhey Woods House, Oxhey Drive, near Northwood, Middlesex, which is open from today until 30 September: admission 2s. 6d., children 1s.

There is still time to pay a visit to an exhibition by a distinguished Scottish woman artist. **Anne Redpath** is having at the Lefevre Gallery, Bruton Street, her first London exhibition for more than six years. Her father was a tweed designer (she is now a grandmother herself), and she tells how her mother used to cut off a snippet of her hair to make a paintbrush for her children to play with. The present exhibition consists of 13 oils, including Mediterranean landscapes and still life, and some large water colours of flowers and fruit. (Until 4 April.)

On a more public plane, museum-goers have just had a treat, the opening of a new gallery of **South-East Asian Art** at the Victoria & Albert. Among the exhibits are gold regalia from the palace of the Burmese King Thebaw, and wonderful specimens of Indonesian art. There is the most spectacular Javanese Gamelan (xylophone) in existence, a fine display of ornamental daggers, and those eerie

shadow-puppets. These are shown in projection, as they would be in actual performance.

One of the key events in the horsemen's year takes place this month; the **Badminton Three-Day Trials** (16-18 April). This is easily the Top Trial of the year, with an international reputation, and coming so early in the season it proves an inspiration to all others. In fact its full fruits will probably not be seen for many years, and will take the form of a remarkable all-round improvement of hunters and show-jumpers. It is already recognised as the most testing event short of an Olympic.

The social engagements continue

to pile up. Among those in the near future is the **Easter Holiday Dance** at Simpson's Services Club on 8 April in aid of the Royal College of Nursing. Tickets: under 18, 25s., over 18 £2 2s. from Mrs. E. A. Davenport at the College, Henrietta Place, W.1. **The Headline Ball** for the British Sailor's Society takes place at the May Fair Hotel on 22 April. Tickets (£3 3s.) from Miss Betty Nisbet, B.S.S., 36 King's Road, S.W.3; and, a little further ahead, **The England Ball**, at Grosvenor House, for the C.P.R.E. funds. This is on 12 May, and tickets are 2½ gns. from Mrs. G. Langley-Taylor, 38 Albert Hall Mansions, S.W.7.

The Hind's Head, Bray, Berks. "Famous 16th century hotel with a great reputation for its wine and food."

The Prince Of Wales, Shere, Surrey. "... first-class grills (Scotch beef only being used) with potatoes baked in their jackets and stuffed with butter... a short but adequate wine list."

Praised plays

BY ANTHONY COOKMAN

The Rose Tattoo (New Theatre). "Out of plain, colloquial speech Mr. Tennessee Williams draws extraordinary vitality and a rich, earthy poetry."

The Long & The Short & The Tall (Royal Court Theatre). "A patrol lost in the Malayan jungle... they talk as soldiers talk when their nerves are on edge... this unease communicates itself to the audience, growing more and more sensitive to mounting tension."

Irma La Douce (Lyric Theatre). "Amusing piece of frivolity... a sentimental fantasy. Miss Elizabeth Seal works... with sympathetic vivacity."

Five Finger Exercise (Comedy Theatre). "Its hold on the audience rarely slackens. Feelings are analysed with a fluency, a zest and an acuteness of understanding that brings them touchingly close to our sympathy... Sensitive and civilized."

The Grass Is Greener (St. Martin's Theatre). "Theatrically effective... acted with virtuosity... we know exactly where we are."

Clown Jewels (Victoria Palace). "The Crazy Gang... effortlessly embody the spirit of Cockneydom... their fooling has mellowed into a kind of subtlety proper to itself."

Fancied films

BY ELSPETH GRANT

Carlton-Browne Of The F.O. "... extraordinarily funny... Mr. Terry-Thomas gives a joyous performance."

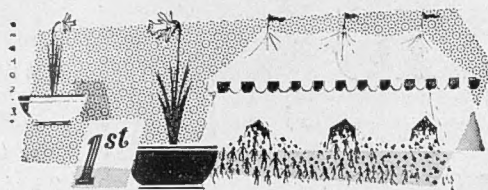
The 39 Steps. "... agreeable entertainment... Mr. Kenneth More brings his amiable personality to the role of Richard Hannay."

The Vixen. "... a rather ferocious film, but the acting and direction... have great distinction."

No Trees In The Street. "... beautifully directed... young Mr. Melvyn Hayes gives a most moving performance."

Gigi. "Two hours of ravishing entertainment... it must in no circumstances be missed."

A Matter Of Dignity. "Mr. Cacoyannis is still an interesting and admirable director... Worth seeing for the luminous performance of Miss Ellie Lambetti."



THE TATLER TEAM TIPS

(from recent contributions):

Endorsed eating

BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

Great Eastern, Liverpool Street. "Their Beaufort Restaurant sets out to provide the haute cuisine, and does so to the highest level."

Imperial Hotel, Torquay. "Lush, plush and efficient. I would as soon stay there if I wanted... to relax completely, as anywhere else in Europe."

La Boheme, Chelsea. "... specializes in Oriental and Continental dishes... You get a lot of personal attention."

Chez Luba, Draycott Avenue, S.W.3. "Small but good... the proprietor himself prepares Russian and Polish dishes."

The Talbot, Ripley, Surrey. "A fine specimen of an old-English coaching inn, and a popular rendezvous where you dine by candlelight."



Jacques Charon and Micheline Boudet, two members of the Comédie Française now at the Prince's Theatre, playing in Jacques Feydeau's farce *Le Dindon*



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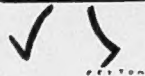


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PASSPORT—*a weekly travel column*

Going by cargo ship

by DOONE BEAL

THE FIRST TIME I travelled in a cargo ship was across the Atlantic, bound for Virginia. Seven days out, I was somewhat alarmed to learn that we were likely to put into Montreal or Philadelphia instead. Having spent a day's acute anxiety calculating the financial penalties of this possibility, I was relieved when we steamed into Newport News as planned. It does remain, however, one of the pleasantest trips I have ever made.

I relate this as a caution to all would-be travellers by cargo ship. Accommodation may be comparatively luxurious, and immense trouble is taken over one's personal comfort, but it is essentially a robust and casual form of transport. It is neither for the very old nor the very young, and emphatically not for people who want to travel to a strict schedule: in fact, it breeds a quite new philosophy.

In addition to the time to indulge in it,

you must have the temperament to take pot luck and be amused for a long time and at close quarters by a limited number of people. It is usual to dine with the captain and the ships' officers, and one can be entertained by the realities of life at sea, without the palliatives of floating cocktail bars and cinemas. Far more absorbing than these are the run of the ship, and access to the bridge, the radar screen and the mileage chart. There are few other diversions and usually no doctor, although a stewardess is carried by some lines.

Within these limits, cargo ship travel is, as any addict will tell you, quite unbeatable. It is also something of a privilege, as berths are by no means to be had at the drop of a telephone call. Research among friends in the City may produce the odd vessel with a spare berth which is sailing where and when you want to go. As a guide, I have been talking to some of the main companies who

take passengers in their cargo ships. These are mostly between 9,000 and 12,000 tons, and carry around twelve passengers (but not usually children).

United States Lines run a regular weekly service to New York, single fare £64 10s. (or £71 10s. mid-June to mid-November)—a 10-day crossing.

Lykes Lines have a 14-day crossing from Manchester to New Orleans at £76 10s. and do take children (at half fare).

Interocean Lines (U.K. agents: Lambert Bros.) operate twice-monthly services (dates variable) on a 23-day trip via Panama to San Francisco, every cabin with a private shower or bath. Fares run between £170 and £195, single.

Most companies are willing to quote only a single fare: the shippers, uncertain of the vessel's onward commitments, require you to make your own arrangements for return through local agents at your destination. Formidable though this may sound, it is not usually too difficult providing you are, as I first indicated, flexible about time.

French Lines are an exception to the rule, in that they book round trips and give a 10 per cent reduction on return bookings. They have a variety of fascinating trips: from Le Havre via Panama to San Francisco and Vancouver: or via Panama and down the whole South American coast, calling in the west at ports of Colombia, Ecuador, Peru and Chile: (as an example, the round trip fare for this voyage, of two to three months' duration, would be around £400).

In a French Lines banana boat, you can travel from Le Havre to Martinique and Guadeloupe in the French West Indies, and on to Curaçao, about £250 the two-month round trip. To Martinique only, the single fare is £88. Having travelled in a French cargo ship, I can report that the food is superb, and French Lines provide free and unlimited table wine.

Another method of reaching the West Indies is with Booth Lines' cargo ships, which run fairly regular sailings from Liverpool to Barbados and Trinidad, two weeks' journey. Cost is £100 to either, single fare, or you can proceed onwards to Puerto Cabello in Venezuela for £10 extra.

Elders and Fyffe's banana boats sail from Avonmouth direct to Jamaica, £97 to £106 single, but sailings are at short notice.

Within Europe, Booth run monthly sailings of 5 to 6 days to Lisbon, £16 to £18 single fare, and French Lines a variety of trips from Bordeaux and Marseilles along the North African coast. If you've a mind to take the slow boat to China, P. & O. sail monthly to Hong Kong, with stops of varying duration at Port Said, Aden, Colombo, Penang and Singapore, the total voyage scheduled to last about five weeks. Full single fare is £185, but it is possible to terminate the journey earlier; to Colombo, for example, the fare is £120.

Finally you can travel the whole six-week way to Australia, with calls at Las Palmas, Durban, Adelaide, Melbourne and Sydney. The ship may be in port for unloading for as long as a week in both Adelaide and Melbourne, during which passengers may live aboard. Single fares are between £150 and £205. Port Lines, who operate this bi-monthly service, will quote only full-distance fares.

STOKES JOKES





Grant—Knocker: Miss Jennifer Joy Grant, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. G. W. Grant, Brownstacks, Northwood, Middx, married Mr. Paul B. Knocker, son of the late W/Cdr. K. D. Knocker, & of Mrs. J. Buckeridge, Brinkwood, Northwood, at Holy Trinity, Northwood



Fisher—Jennings: Miss Harriet M. Fisher, daughter of Professor & Mrs. M. G. Fisher, Northumberland St., Edinburgh, married Lt.-Cdr. Eric Francis Jennings, son of the late Mr. & Mrs. M. F. Jennings, Saxmundham, Suffolk, at St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh



Scott—Arkwright: Miss Cecilia Scott, daughter of Mrs. & the late Lt.-Cdr. G. T. A. Scott, Studwell Lodge, Droxford, Hants, married Mr. Philip Arkwright, son of the late Lt.-Col. F. G. B. Arkwright, & of Mrs. E. F. Gosling, Windrush, Inkpen, Berks, at St. James's Church, Piccadilly



Hart—Wright: Miss Anne Leslie Hart, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. P. Hart, Spaniards House, Spaniards Close, Hampstead, married S/Ldr. David Wright, son of G/Capt. & Mrs. F. Wright, River Terrace, Henley-on-Thames, at St. Mark's, North Audley St.

Bartlett—McMillan: Miss Diana Felicity Bartlett, daughter of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. G. McL. Bartlett, Abbots Hall, Sturmer, Essex, married Mr. Charles K. McMillan, son of the late Mr. J. D. McMillan, & of Mrs. G. Hedberg, Toorak, Melbourne, at St. Mary's, Sturmer

Legg—Brockman: Miss Cleone Turner Legg, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. C. W. Legg, Wellington, Coseley, Staffordshire married Mr. John W. S. Brockman, son of Major & Mrs. W. J. Brockman, Beachborough, Torquay, Devon, at Upton Church, Torquay



Weddings

Tubbs—Newall: Miss Venetia J. Tubbs, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. C. Tubbs, Berkeley Court, N.W.1, married Mr. John Newall, son of Mrs. & the late Mr. N. Newall, Newbrough Lodge, Hexham, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Stent—Langmead: Miss Julia Bridget Stent, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. L. D. Stent, Malthouse, Chithurst, Rogate, Sussex, married Mr. Michael James Langmead, son of Mr. & Mrs. W. Langmead, Wheatlands, Runceton, Chichester



We chose this in Paris

... just for the small woman. Summer suit in white shantung by Guy Laroche, brief-jacketed, gentle and relaxed of line, its simplicity enhanced by the dramatic tie. Seen in a courtyard off the Boulevard Franklin Roosevelt.



Photographed especially for Debenhams by Peter Clark

Guy Laroche at Debenhams

Debenham & Freebody Wigmore Street London W1 LAngham 4444

Mrs. Kurth Sprague, with her four bridesmaids, after the wedding. The reception was given by the bride's cousins, the Hon. Langton & Mrs. Iliffe, at Basildon Park, Berkshire (Jennifer writes about the wedding on page 8)



Barry Swaabe



THE

Tatler

& BYSTANDER

Vol. CCXXXII No. 3012

1 April 1959

TWO SHILLINGS WEEKLY

NEXT WEEK: *A comeback for prints*, an illustrated feature on new ways with an old art. Novelist *Cecily Mackworth* writes on "A matter of help at the château." Quentin Crewe describes San Francisco, city of the *Flower Drum Song*

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SOCIAL JOURNAL

The French players dodged the Lord Chamberlain

by JENNIFER

THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE, which is I believe the oldest theatrical company in the world, opened its short London season (which ends next Saturday, 4 April) at the Prince's Theatre with a flourish. There was a glittering audience including the Queen Mother & Princess Margaret. The piece chosen for the opening performance was the riotous comedy *Le Dindon* by Georges Feydeau, well acted by a large cast (which after the final curtain got a tremendous reception) and well produced by Jean Meyer. The *Rédillon* of Robert Hirsch sent everyone in the theatre (whether they spoke French or not), into fits of laughter.

He is not only a fine comedian with a true sense of pathos, but has also a brilliant flair for décor. The costumes and décor for Molière's *Les Fourberies de Scapin*, with which the company end their season, are his work. The décor and costumes for *Le Dindon*, also charming, were devised by Suzanne Lalique.

The French Ambassador was there

The Queen Mother & Princess Margaret, who later went on to a supper party at the French Embassy, sat in the front row of the dress circle with the French Ambassador and Mme. Chauvel. Others in the audience included the Doyen of the Diplomatic Corps the Swedish Ambassador and his attractive wife Mme. Hagglof, the Lord Chamberlain the Earl

Other People's Babies



Fayer

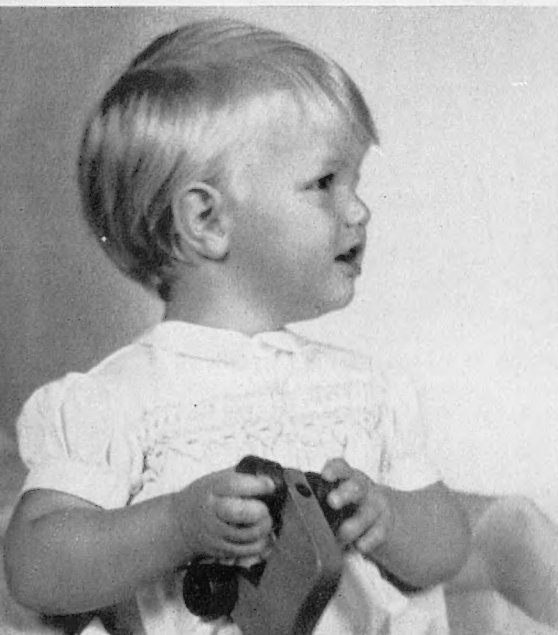
CLAERWEN, *six years, only daughter of Major J.D. Gibson-Watt, M.P., & of Mrs. Gibson-Watt, Ashley Gardens, S.W.1*



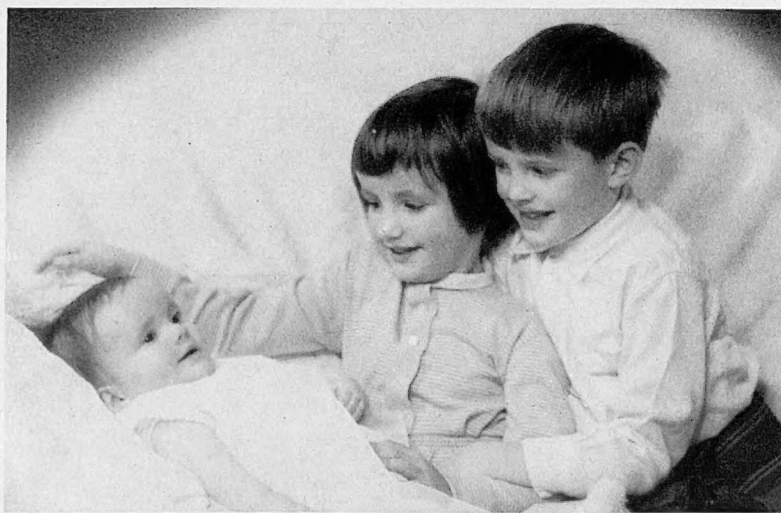
Fayer

ALEXANDRA, *eleven months, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. R. Sitwell, Southwick Place, W.2*

MARK, *one year, son of Mr. & Mrs. Humphrey Swire, Ennismore Gardens Mews, S.W.7*



Dorothy Wilding



Norton-Pratt

DUNCAN (*six*), EVELYN (*four*) and CLARE (*seven months*), children of Mr. & Mrs. J. D. Howden Hume, Pulchrain, Helensburgh, Dunbartonshire

of Scarbrough (who might not have passed the play too easily if it had been in English, but being played in French it did not come under his jurisdiction!), the French-born Dowager Countess of Bessborough, Lady Churchill, the Countess of Scarbrough, the Countess of Harewood opposite, in red brocade, the Marquis de Miramon and his lovely wife, Mrs. Victor Cavendish-Bentinck, Sir Frederick Hoyer-Millar, Permanent Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Office, and Lady Hoyer-Millar who both enjoyed it tremendously, Mary Duchess of Roxburghe, Mr. Peter Coats, the Duke of Bedford, Mrs. John Profumo looking glamorous, Mr. & Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft, Mr. & Mrs. Peter Whitwell, Lady Audley, and Sir Malcolm Sargent. Among theatrical personalities I saw Kay Kendall swathed in white foxes in a box, Dorothy Dickson greeting friends in the interval, and Diana Wynyard wearing a snow white feather cap.

The Comédie Française company opened Peter Daubeny's 1959, eight week, drama season. Next week (6 April-2 May) he puts on the Old Vic production of *Ghosts*, with Flora Robson and Ronald Lewis. Following this, on 4 May he presents Ingmar Bergman's Swedish Company from the Malmo City Theatre for one week, when they will play Bergman's production of *Faust*.

Wedding amid the blossoms

Spring was in the air, and the country gardens already showed heartening signs of it with flowering crocuses, prunus and other blossom, as wedding guests drove along to the little church of St. Peter & St. Paul at Yattendon in Berkshire. The church itself was beautifully decorated with vases and hanging baskets of lilies, tulips, lilac and other white flowers, with a touch of pink blossom. This colour scheme was for the marriage of Mr. Kurth Sprague of the U.S. Army, only son of Mr. & Mrs. Mortimer Ernest Sprague of New York and Virginia, to Miss Margaret Iliffe, daughter of the late Mr. & Mrs. Geoffrey Iliffe.

The bride, who was given away by her cousin, the Hon. Langton Iliffe, wore a beautiful dress of white slipper satin with a full skirt forming a train and a long tulle veil held in place by a coronet of white flowers. There were three child attendants; the little page Alexander Colville wore a white shirt with long deep pink trousers, while his little sister Harriet Colville and Mary-Jean Mitchell (who had come over from her home

in Jamaica for the wedding) wore long white organza dresses with pink sashes and coronets of pink rosebuds. The four older bridesmaids, Miss Penelope Candy, Miss Frances Lancaster, Miss June Shepherd-Cross and Miss Serena Villiers-Smith, wore pretty short pink rose patterned brocade dresses with a single pink silk rose headdress.

Guests came from America

After the ceremony the Hon. Langton & Mrs. Iliffe, who looked attractive in a tailored dress and off-white hat, held a reception at Basildon Park where they received the guests with the bridegroom's parents. This is one of the most beautiful homes in England. It is superbly furnished, every detail confirming Mrs. Iliffe's impeccable taste.

Among those who had come to wish the young couple happiness were the bride's godmother Lady Mitchell, wife of Sir Harold Mitchell, who looked charming in deep rose satin and a mink stole; she had brought her bridesmaid daughter Mary-Jean over in the S.S. United States two days before the wedding and was returning to America with her in the same ship the following morning.

Brig.-Gen. Joseph Crawford, Military Attaché at the U.S. Embassy was there with his wife; also the Marchioness of Huntly just back from Nassau and looking fit, accompanied by her attractive débutante daughter Lady Lemina Gordon, Mr. John & Lady Margaret Colville whose children were page and bridesmaid, his mother Lady Cynthia Colville, the Hon. Henry & Mrs. Cubitt, Mr. John Detjens who was best man and came over from America especially for the wedding, and Mrs. Gairdner and her brother Mr. Leslie Dawson, who had had the bridegroom's parents staying with them in their Chelsea home.

Others I met at the wedding were Lord George Scott and his daughter Georgina (who told me she was soon off with her mother to visit her sister who is "finishing" in Italy), Mr. Macdonald Hastings and his wife, who was wearing an enchanting hat like a huge pink poppy (they have a home nearby), Lady Hindlip who had come from Sussex, Mr. & Mrs. Christopher Petherick, Mr. Geoffrey Keating, and Mrs. Anthony Crossley.

The young couple, who for the moment will be living in Texas where he is stationed, were flying on their honeymoon. They were

continued on page 10



STALLION SHOW

at Newmarket

Calcium, exhibited by A. D. Thomas of Glamorgan, shows his paces in the judging ring



Lady Rowley whose husband, Sir William, breeds racehorses. They live at Newport, Essex



The Marquess of Abergavenny, president of the Hunters' Improvement Society



The Hon. Mrs. John Morrison who presented the Gold Cups to the winners



Top right: Viscount Knutsford. *Right:* Mrs. G. Hurrell, wife of Col. Hurrell, well-known judge of horses. The show was held in the sales paddock at Newmarket



Major-General E. D. Fanshawe, chairman of the Hunters' Improvement Society Stallion Committee



Mr. J. Rawding with Mr. W. J. Manning's Border Legend, winner of the King George V Challenge Cup





Miss Glenna Critchley to Mr. David Campbell: She is the daughter of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. Critchley of Wentworth, Surrey. He is the younger son of the late Colonel & Mrs. Hugh Campbell of Ascot



Miss Penelope Molteno to Count Claes Henric Lewenhaupt: She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Donald J. Molteno of Glen Lyon House, Perthshire. He is the son of Count Claes Adam Lewenhaupt of Malmö, Sweden, Master of the Royal Swedish Buckhounds

stopping in Bermuda, then in Miami to visit his grandparents Mr. & Mrs. Kurth, and then on to Nassau to visit Lord & Lady Iliffe.

Fifty years a pianist

The Duchess of Gloucester was present at a gracious musical evening in the setting of the fine banquet hall at the Fishmongers' Hall, when the famous pianist Moiseiwitsch gave a recital. This is his 50th year of concert work, and he played superbly. The programme began with Chopin, then followed Rachmaninoff and finally Mousorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition."

The evening was arranged to raise funds for the Royal College of Nursing, and for those who are not musical a bridge tournament was given downstairs in the Court Room. This was organized by Lady Bird who received the guests with Lady Heald chairman of the recital, and chairman of the Royal College of Surgeons appeal committee. Baroness Ravensdale, president of the recital, sat beside the Duchess of Gloucester as Moiseiwitsch played.

In the interval guests from both the recital and the bridge tournament enjoyed a buffet and were able to stroll through the other reception rooms and to see Annigoni's two famous portraits of the Queen and of Prince Philip. I met Viscountess Monekton and the Countess of Halsbury (both vice-presidents of the recital), the Earl of Halsbury, and their daughter Lady Caroline Giffard who with



Miss Diana Davis to Mr. Humphrey Fisher: She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Beresford Davis, The Close, Southgate. He is the fourth son of the Archbishop of Canterbury

Miss Elizabeth Heald was in charge of programmes. Also Sir Charles & Lady Russell (who were among the bridge players), Lady Hargreaves, deputy chairman of the bridge tournament, and Sir Gerald Hargreaves, Lady Coryton, the Hon. Hugh & Mrs. Lawson Johnston who were off to Paris the following day, Lady Mostyn escorted by Mr. Raphael de Sola, Mrs. Weisweiler and her daughter Mrs. Michael Wood. Countess Attlee was talking to Mrs. Thompson Schwab and her daughter, Mrs. S. Veitch.

I also met Lady Neville, wife of Sir Edmund Neville the Prime Warden of the Fishmongers' Company, Mr. John Barclay with his charming wife and her niece Miss Olwen Slade who is over from Kenya for a year studying, and Sir Charles Norton and his wife. Lady Norton is working hard for charity events, and she told me that at the moment the Rose Ball (which promises to be a particularly gay event at Grosvenor House on 30 April) is occupying much of her time. Others present included Doreen Lady Brabourne, Mrs. Warren Pearl, Mrs. Goldson, Mrs. Alexander Eddy, Mrs. Wakeham, Miss Antonia Edmonstone and Miss Caroline York: the two last named were among the busy programme sellers.

A fair came to Piccadilly

Lady Grenfell worked hard for the success of a two-day fair held at Devonshire House, Piccadilly (by permission of Lord Rootes) in aid of the Invalid Children's Aid Association, of which Princess Margaret is president. The Association, which was founded to undertake the supervision, relief and assistance of invalid and crippled children, now owns four boarding special schools and one holiday home. Three of the schools deal particularly with asthmatic children and another with young children with a severe speech defect.

All branches of the Association took part in the fair and each was responsible for a stall. Miss Joyce Grenfell opened the fair with an amusing speech and the Mayor of Westminster, Mr. David Cobbold, also said a few words. Among those helping were the Marchioness Camden, from the Kent branch, Mrs. Guy Owen, Mrs. D. M. Hendry, from the Surrey branch, Mrs. V. G. Walsh and Mrs. F. H. Holder.

Jamaica goes even gayer

I hear from friends back from Jamaica that they have had a gay season. Being a sterling area like the Bahamas, there have been many English visitors, new hotels are being built and everything is expanding.

The Marquess & Marchioness of Northampton have been out for a short visit to see his property (where he farms cattle successfully), the Earl & Countess of Mansfield have been out to their charming Ocho Rios home, Viscount & Viscountess of Wimborne have been staying at their nice property, and Lord & Lady Brownlow have had a succession of friends with them at their beautiful home, Roaring River.

Sir Harold and Lady Mitchell have had their usual busy winter, with a succession of friends at Prospect, the activities of the St. John Ambulance Brigade (for which Lady Mitchell worked hard arranging the ball in February) and the other causes they help. In the early part of the year Sir Harold has been away on an extensive tour in California, lecturing on Central American affairs.

Montego Bay has been as social as ever with non-stop parties including barbecues, moonlight river parties and beach parties. At Roundhill, where the restaurant is one of the best anywhere, both the hotel where Sir Edward & Lady Baron have been staying, and all the little private houses, have been packed throughout the season. Bettie Lady Monson has been at her Roundhill home, as have Mr. & Mrs. Antony Norman (who had staying with them Viscount & Viscountess Gwynedd), Mr. & Mrs. Everard Gates, Mr. & Mrs. James Duncan from Toronto, Princess Gabrielle of Liechtenstein, and Mr. and Mrs. Walsh who had staying with them from California Mr. & Mrs. George Cheston and Mr. Edwin & Lady Sarah Russell. Others who have been enjoying the sunshine in Montego Bay are Cdr. William & the Hon. Mrs. Eykyn, Mrs. Enid Cameron, Mr. Edward Molyneux (who has a charming house nearby), and Mr. Robert & the Hon. Mrs. Burns who had the Hon. John & Mrs. Coventry staying with them.

Golfing at Nassau

From Nassau, too, I hear news of a gay season, with weeks of perfect weather. The new golf course at Lyford Cay has been a big attraction. Mr. Francis Francis, one of our finest golfers, has declared it to be one of the best courses he has ever played on, and he now flies himself over frequently in a small plane from his home on one of the outer islands to play 18 holes or more. There was a golf tournament at Lyford Cay last month which attracted some of the best American players. It ended with a golf club ball which was a huge success.

Now everyone in Nassau awaits the arrival of Prince Philip who is to make a short visit to the Bahamas at the end of this month.



M. P. Sayers, Head of School and captain of football carries the large, flat-sided ball

Harrow football

ON FOUNDER'S DAY THE OLD HARROVIANS PLAY
THEIR ANNUAL MATCH AGAINST THE SCHOOL



Harrow School drew three all in the Founder's Day match against the Old Harrovians

Below: Mr. John Van-Schalkwyk played for the Old Harrovians



Mrs. R. M. Weeks, Mrs. R. Greenstock (her husband is housemaster of Newlands) and Mr. J. Brankin Frisby. *Above,* right: Mr. & Mrs. R. L. James. He is headmaster of Harrow



PHOTOGRAPHS BY DESMOND O'NEILL

Mrs. Anthony Minns and her son Mr. P. Minns who is a pupil at Harrow



SOLDIERS *in the saddle*

THE SANDHURST FOXHOUNDS & STAFF
COLLEGE DRAG HUNT STEEPLECHASES



Mr. J. Powell mounts Quarantine (winner of the Members' Race), watched by owner Mrs. P. Smyly



Brig. L. R. Mizen and
Maj.-Gen. R. A. Bramwell-
Davis (he is G.O.C.
Aldershot District)



Mrs. J. E. Moritz, Mrs. J. E. Ferguson and
Major Rees-Reynolds



Capt. J. S. Young climbs on to the Staff College
coach which was driven by Major J. M. Selby



Mr. Michael Downes (M.F.H. of the Garth) and
Lt.-Col. R. K. Chiesman, clerk of the course.
Below: Miss Sheelagh Croker



Miss Elizabeth Durlacher
(she works for a charity
organization in London) and
Miss Christine Gates



Maj.-Gen. R. G. S. Hobbs is the new G.O.C. 1 Div. and Salisbury Plain District

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DESMOND O'NEILL



Capt. Miles Gosling with Field-Marshal, the Duke of Gloucester

THE GRAND MILITARY MEETING AT SANDOWN PARK, SURREY



Maj.-Gen. Sir Randle Feilden was a steward at the meeting



Maj.-Gen. G. P. Gregson and Brig. R. W. Hobson of Southern Command H.Q.



General Sir Hugh & Lady Stockwell. He is Military Secretary



Brig. Gilbert Monekton (he commands the armour in 3 Division) with Field-Marshal Sir Gerald Templer, the former C.I.G.S.



Capt. Lord Patrick Beresford rode Young Pretender in the Grand Military Gold Cup, fell and was unplaced

SCOTS

CONGREGATE AT THE MAY FAIR FOR THE
LONDON-PERTH ASSOCIATION'S DINNER



Lord & Lady Forteviot. He is chairman of John Dewar & Sons Ltd.



Mr. & Mrs. Gilmour Leburn. He is president of the association and M.P. for Kinross & West Perthshire



Miss Elsa Henderson, Mr. A. M. Forsyth (he works for Unilever) and Mr. J. Kerr-Wilson, secretary of the association

Mr. D. C. Banks (managing director of Dewar's) with the Lady Provost of Perth, Mrs. John Buchan



The Duke of Atholl. His home (Blair Castle) is in Perthshire

IRISH

CELEBRATE ST. PATRICK'S DAY AT
THE IRISH CLUB'S ANNUAL BALL



Lord Killanin is president of the Irish Club
and one of the chief executives of the
Four Provinces Film Company



Aer Lingus hostess Miss Evelyn Mitchell
pins a spray of shamrock (flown specially
from Ireland) on Bishop David Cashman,
Auxiliary Bishop of Westminster



The Irish Ambassador in London, Mr. Hugh
McCann, with his wife



Lady Pakenham (her husband
has Irish connections)



The Hon. Mrs. Teresa Richey
with Capt. R. T. M. Scott

Marriage

IN SIND



ESTELLE HOLT
has been travelling
widely in the East.
Here she describes
a Muslim wedding

THE BRIDE LOOKED MISERABLE. HER GROOM LOOKED bored and all her family were in tears. The behaviour of everyone was thoroughly approved by the wedding guests. This was a Muslim wedding and the first I'd seen. It was in the Pakistan province of Sind and I'd been brought to the occasion by a group of elegant and educated Muslim girls. One of them, Nasreen, 19, beautiful and a college graduate, explained that the bride always cries. "If she didn't," she said, "it would look as if she were glad to leave home."

"Actually," said a young doctor in a white-and-silver sari, "on my own wedding day I was really very happy. You see, my husband and I already wanted to marry, but at first our families wouldn't agree. So you can imagine how glad we were when it was all settled. Even so, on my wedding day I cried and cried and cried. All day I cried."

Ten-year-old Aneez, who had a pertinent mind and a gruff, incisive voice, asked: "Why?" The doctor laughed. "Because it was expected," she said, "and then, too, I was very tired. All day you are surrounded by all your female relations and you must always keep your head bent. You have no idea how tiring it is to be married."

"It would be considered immodest to look up," said Nasreen. "But tell us, what are your customs?"

I described how the Western bride is always "radiant" and they wanted to know why. Pakistani girls have such an appetite for knowledge I'm always finding I don't know enough. Luckily this time there was Majeeda, one of the twin daughters of a Muslim father and an English mother, to take up the theme. She said that in the West the stress is always on the individual while in the East it is the family that matters. "So if it's an individual decision of course, she must look radiant as if she's chosen right, but here it's always supposed to be the family who have arranged everything. A good match is a credit to the care they've taken of their daughter's future and she is not expected to have anything to do with it at all. Of course," Majeeda finished, "that is how it used to be. Nowadays there are few arranged marriages."

One of the more sophisticated girls, named Nafisa, objected. She was a slender, fine-boned person with short Italian-cut hair, large delicate gold ear-rings and a red and green sari. "I don't know about that," she said, frowning. "I don't know about that at all. You only think there are less because there are less in your circle, but in all Pakistan. . ."

"Oh, perhaps in *all* Pakistan," said Majeeda, "but I mean among people like us. I mean girls who go to college and take up careers. . ."

"I went to college," said Nafisa, "and I'm a librarian now, but still my parents have arranged a marriage for me to someone I don't like at all. So far I've managed to resist. . ."

"There you are," interrupted Rasheda, the other twin, "you've resisted."

Nafisa gave a bleak little smile. "So far," she said.

She glanced at me. "It's a strain," she said. "because I do like my parents so much."

The wedding had started some hours before. First we'd driven to the bridegroom's house. It was not really his house but belonged to friends who'd adopted him for the marriage, as he came from a distant town. The house was wooden and built around an open courtyard. On three of the sides was an upper storey with carved wooden balconies. On the fourth side were two wide-open rooms, crammed with the presents the groom was giving his bride. The courtyard was stone, with a stone basin for a fountain and deep stone benches under the balconies. Obviously the women of the family spent their days here.

Three women squatted in a corner. One sang, another played a flute and the third beat on a barrel-shaped drum. Surprisingly they were negroes. There are negroes settled in Sind, probably descendants, I was told, of Nubian slaves who were given as presents to the old rulers. They work in cheerfully with the population but keep to their own villages, and their sense of rhythm makes them popular at weddings. The fat old woman with the drum was keeping up a glorious throbbing beat. When she saw my camera she beamed and flung her arms wide in a beautiful barbaric gesture. Of course she was showing off, but how a film director would have welcomed her.

Against the background of this African drum beat which accompanied one of the plaintive Sindhi songs we drank tea and ate pink-iced sponge cake. By "we" I mean only the women guests. Men and women rarely mix in the orthodox Mahommedan world, particularly not on formal occasions such as weddings. The men had all gone off to another room to meet the groom and the bride was in her own house being dressed by her relatives.

After tea we filed past the display of presents. The groom had been generous. There were piles of silks and gauzes worked with gold thread. There were *kamizes*, which are the knee-length tunics the Pakistani women wear over their wide silk trousers, embroidered with sequins or appliquéd in velvet. There were sets of brightly patterned sheets and cases of gold jewellery, necklaces like lace collars studded with rubies, bangles, rings, ear-rings, nose-rings and brooches. There was also a large dressing case from an expensive beauty specialist.

Then we drove to the bride's house. The reception was in a tent—but none of your damp white marquees smelling of grass. This was a tent out of the Crusades, enormous and deep yellow, emblazoned with crimson roses. The entire floor was covered with a brilliant silk carpet. This blaze of colour is very much a part of Pakistan. Often I feel drenched and drowning in colour. The women's clothes are as vivid as jewels, and there are jewels, too, blazing away at their ears and their throats and on their fingers. And the people are so beautiful in the West of Pakistan, fair-skinned with movements that flow and great dark eyes ringed with what they call *kaja* and we call *kohl*.

Everyone sat on the floor and each of us was given a paper bag holding one large sweet—the size, colour and rather the shape of a knobbly lemon. In another room, I was told, the *nikah* ceremony was now being held. This is the actual marriage. The bride and groom are in the same room—she, of course, heavily veiled. A man known as the *wakil* or advocate approaches her. He describes the groom, his name, address, parentage and age, and asks her if she agrees to marry him. This *wakil* is not necessarily a religious leader but he must be someone who knows the Koran. There must also be two *shahids* or witnesses. After the bride has given her consent the groom is also asked and then the *wakil* reads a passage from the Koran and they are married.

Then, my young hostesses said, the bride will be brought to the women's room where we were and her husband will join her, and maybe there will be the

arsimushaf ceremony. This is when a veil is held over their heads and a looking-glass placed on the ground before them and they look into it and see each other's faces for the first time.

There was a stir in the room but it was not the bride. Only the negress band. Two of the women played the flute and drum while the third carried round more of the groom's presents. It was not supposed to be a dance but her heels were stamping instinctively to the beat, and her hips swayed.

"It could be an awful shock," said Majeeda, "seeing your husband's face for the first time in that mirror."

"Much worse to know it already and not like it," said Nafisa.

"Usually one has met before," said Nasreen. "What happens is that one's parents keep on introducing you to possible young men. After all, among 12 possibles you're most likely to find one you like." Nasreen comes of a very eligible family herself.

"And then of course one meets a lot of young men at college," said Majeeda. "But, you know, it's funny. Once all the men wanted their wives to be educated—I mean sometimes they'd have them specially educated after the engagement. But now..."

"They like college girls for their friends," her sister wound up. "But when it comes to marriage you often find they've asked their mothers to find them some little old-fashioned thing who's still in *purdah*."

Another ripple of excitement. This time it was the bride. Her head was bent so low she looked like an old woman and she was covered with red veils. Red is the Muslim marriage colour. A bed of white pillows had been made up on the floor and the bride's sisters, in flame and gold and green, put her on to it. Then the groom arrived. He was a plump man of about 48 in a grey fur cap, and round his neck were garlands of tinsel. Rather rheumatically he lowered himself beside his bride, a veil was held over them and they could look at each other for the first time.

"And it is in fact the first time they are seeing each other," one of the bride's friends whispered to me.

The red veil was drawn back for a moment and I could see that the bride was wearing a gold tunic over wide gold trousers. Around her throat was a magnificently broad gold collar and pendant. Another pendant hung in the centre of her forehead and an enormous ring hung from one side of her nose. "Later the groom removes that ring when they are alone," someone whispered to me. She wore four veils—the first of pale gold, then a pale pink, then a deeper pink and the last deep red. Her eyelids and upper lip sparkled with *afshan*, a special gold and silver dust. On each of her fingers was a ring, joined to a

sort of gold lace that covered the backs of her hands and was joined to bracelets at the wrists. Her face was small, dark, exquisitely sculpted and streaked with tears. She looked about 18. The groom touched her face tenderly. Then he dropped his hand again in quick embarrassment.

Something was going wrong with the arrangements. The bride's sisters, all lovely girls, argued, shouted and giggled. The bride sniffed and the groom cupped his chin in his hands, every line of his body rigid with boredom. The sisters remembered that the end of her scarf should be tied to some part of his clothes to signify the nuptial knot. Resignedly the groom offered his handkerchief. More shouting, and then a glass of milk was offered first to her and then to him. Her shoulders heaved. "Sometimes," said Majeeda, "it is a bowl of milk with rings in it and whoever finds the ring will dominate the marriage."

The bridegroom now started to lead her away, which was the signal for an outburst of wails from her family. "We now go again to his house for dinner," said Nasreen.

Back at the groom's house we had a dinner of curries and rice and the groom arrived with his bride to sit in the inner room, which had been cleared of presents. By now he was cheerful and joking but his wife sat beside him like a small, valuable jewelled doll. So like a doll that Majeeda could take her hand and turn it over to show me how the palm was stained red with the paste made of the *mehndi* leaf. The bridal couple sat for their photographs and stood for their photographs. Now there were none of her family present. They had said their goodbyes in those last wails. Her new sister-in-law patted her with easy tolerance.

"Of course," said young Aneez, "I meet a lot of boys. I always have and I think I always will. The other girls say to me, 'Why do you want to play with those boys?' and I say, 'Well, why shouldn't I? Aren't boys human too?'"

There, I thought, was the voice of new Pakistan. The bride looked ready to collapse from exhaustion. Soon her husband would take her away in a car lined with dethorned roses to a room all hung with roses again. And, I hoped, he would comfort her a little.

"Poor dear! She's been crying for three days and nights," said one of her friends. "But you know her family is not rich and the groom has a great deal of money. He's supposed to be a very kind man, too. It really is a wonderful match."

And I've met the Pakistani wives who are very, very happy in their bustling, rich family lives and they tell me they all cried at their weddings. So I suppose that is just how things are.

Nina Epton



The moment of unveiling at a Muslim wedding in Morocco. The couple are Berbers

BRIGGS by Graham





NEWS PORTRAITS

DISPUTE Architect Louis Osman (*below*) wants to see the bombed church of St. John in Smith Square, Westminster, turned into a 1,250-seat concert hall. So does Dame Myra Hess. The Church authorities are not so enthusiastic. Negotiations between the London Diocese and the Church Missionary Society who want to convert the church into their office headquarters are already under way. Under Mr. Osman's scheme, the exterior would be restored to the design of the architect, Thomas Archer, who built it in 1720



tric Auerbach





LET Moiseiwitsch and Solomon (*above*), friends of long standing, play cards at Solomon's home in John's Wood. Moiseiwitsch, Russian-born and resident here since the first World War, was awarded the Royal Philharmonic Society's Certificate of Honorary Membership (a rare distinction) last month. Solomon (*shown right*), absent from the concert platform for two years through illness, goes to Liverpool in May to judge the International Piano Concerto Competition. His illness has left him with a slight stiffness of the fingers and he plays the cello (*on left*) as a form of therapy

Desmond O'Neill



DOUBT Madame Ginette Spanier, directrice to Pierre Balmain and the only Englishwoman to hold such a position with a Paris *couture* house, has had her autobiography accepted for publication in London. She has one problem: the book has no title yet. Noël Coward, who is to write the preface, suggested *From Ginette With Love*. Mme. Spanier, who joined Balmain in 1947, was head of civilian employees at the U.S. Signals H.Q. in France and was responsible for engaging the official interpreters for the Nuremberg trials



THE TATLER

interviews



Alan Vines (Report)

JOHN BETJEMAN

BEST-SELLING POET

MONICA FURLONG reports: *I met John Betjeman at his flat in the City overlooking the church of St. Bartholomew the Great. We went round the corner to talk and drink coffee in a public house full of Smithfield porters in white overalls. We began by talking about Middlesex after Mr. Betjeman had discovered, by inquiry, that I had been born there.*

Betjeman: I do like Middlesex. Somehow I've never been able to take to the other side of London to the same extent. Epping and round there—it's a foreign country to me. I like to think of Middlesex with Westminster as its county town as it used to be.

Why are you so fond of it?

Betjeman: I think because I've always had a great affection for the Metropolitan Line. It has great individuality, or it used to have, in the days when Selby was in charge. Do you know, I can't think of any greater pleasure, if one wasn't married and didn't have to go home in the evenings and have social commitments, than to travel out on the Underground in the summer evenings. What could be nicer than to go out and wander round the parks, watching people playing tennis . . . children playing . . . bicycle bells ringing?

You have a wonderful capacity for enjoying ordinary things.

Betjeman: Doesn't everybody enjoy those things? Going round stores full of chunky prams, and supermarkets, and having coffee in teashops like we are now. Peace of mind—that's what we all want—and peace of mind leads to enjoyment. A clear conscience, peace of mind, enjoyment—those are the things to have in life.

How is it that you have found time to explore so many places around London so thoroughly?

Betjeman: I don't any more, of course. I wish I did. But when I was a boy, with a friend of mine who is now a monk at Ampleforth, I used to spend every day of the holidays exploring the Underground. Our parents used to give us money and we'd start in the morning and travel up and down all day. We used to buy a ticket for a few pennies—it was dishonest really, I suppose—and then get out much farther along the line and pretend we'd come too far by mistake. It used to be my boast that I'd got out at every station on the Underground.

You were brought up in Middlesex yourself?

Betjeman: Yes, at Highgate. I can remember sheep being driven down Highgate Hill. I

remember Hampstead Heath very well, too, from those days. It's odd how much it's changed. Now it's all covered with nasty municipal-type grass. But then it was all dandelions and buttercups and the children used to come up from Kentish Town to pick them. Rather moving.

You are enjoying a considerable amount of success at the moment, and a good deal of publicity. What do you feel about it?

Betjeman: Dismayed. Rather frightened. I can't help feeling some awful doom will overtake me to make up for it. And one asks oneself: Why should this happen to me instead of to lots of other people, equally or more deserving?

You don't feel your poetry deserves it, then?

Betjeman: My poems fill me with shame and embarrassment once they're published. I can never bear to read them any more or to have them around at home.

Why?

Betjeman: Oh, because I feel that perhaps they're Ella Wheeler Wilcox stuff and will end up in the 4d. tray. I've no self-confidence, you see. Yes, and there's another side to success, if one's not careful. One begins to think one really is someone. And that gives rise to all sorts of false attitudes. People are so extraordinarily kind. They recognize one in trains and places, from having appeared on the telly, and I always feel they must be disappointed in me.

These are the disadvantages of success. What about the advantages? There must be some.

Betjeman: Apart from purely financial ones, it's hard to think of any. And even the financial success is not as good as it sounds. Out of a book selling as well as the present one I may get £1,500 to £2,000. Spread over a year or two it doesn't go all that far.

Have you ever wanted to do a long piece of writing?

Betjeman: When I was young I often felt I had enough inspiration to go on and on and on. But then—it sounds paradoxical—I could never afford to write a book. Always I had to stop and do reviewing or something else to provide the children's shoe-leather. Now, of course, I see everything in terms of a thousand words. Luckily though, the sort of lyric poetry I like doing best doesn't take very long. One burst. One of the happiest days of my life was when I found I could afford to give up reviewing novels. Reviewing is a soul-destroying business because it gives you a hatred of books.

What contemporary poets do you enjoy particularly?

Betjeman: Nearly all of them that I can understand, and they are becoming easier to understand. Uncle Tom Eliot best of all, of course, and Andrew Young, Alan Ross, Robert Frost, some of Wystan Auden. A man called Edgell Rickword who's not as well known as he ought to be. Theodore Roethke, Geoffrey Grigson. . . . There's a lot of good poetry being written at the moment.



In a Suffolk garden . . .

Improving on
Candide's advice,
ANGUS WILSON
not only cultivates
his garden but
writes his novels
there—the latest
has won him the
James Tait Black
prize. Photographs
by **Kurt Hutton**



In a Suffolk garden...

continued

Japanese parasols stand in a scarlet-painted recess formerly occupied by a kitchen range. On the mantel are stuffed birds

ANGUS WILSON chose Suffolk for its open skies and wide landscapes. His cottage at Bradfield St. George, midway between Stowmarket and Bury St. Edmunds, shelters in the lee of a small wood. Beyond it roll the Suffolk wolds. Mr. Wilson does most of his writing outdoors, in the garden which he created from a wilderness of weed and household debris. "I can usually find a sun-trap unless it fairly pelts with rain."

His latest success, *The Middle Age Of Mrs. Eliot*, winner of the £200 James Tait Black memorial prize, was completed there before electricity and water had been laid on indoors.

Built around 1850 (probably for a local gamekeeper or woodsman) it has the flint-set

exterior walls characteristic of the region. Plaster has been removed from the partition wall between bedroom and study to expose the laths and give an Oriental effect: "It's like living in an interior by Somerset Maugham." Souvenirs of a recent tour of Japan and Cambodia, and Chinese wallpaper in the sitting-room further the Oriental flavour.

A habit of industry, cultivated as deputy superintendent of the British Museum reading room, remains with him. Work begins at nine, goes on until three or four. He completes each book with the firm conviction that he can never write another. But Angus Wilson has published a book a year since 1949 and his next will be under way before the month is out.

Right: Removal of the plaster to show the original laths gives an Oriental effect to the study-lounge

Left: Angus Wilson likes to cook elaborate meals for his guests. For himself a scrambled egg will do

Below: The desk is cluttered with papers but most of Wilson's writing is done in the garden

Below, right: The flint-walled cottage is reached by a narrow track crossing a ploughed field





SURGERY

into STUDIO



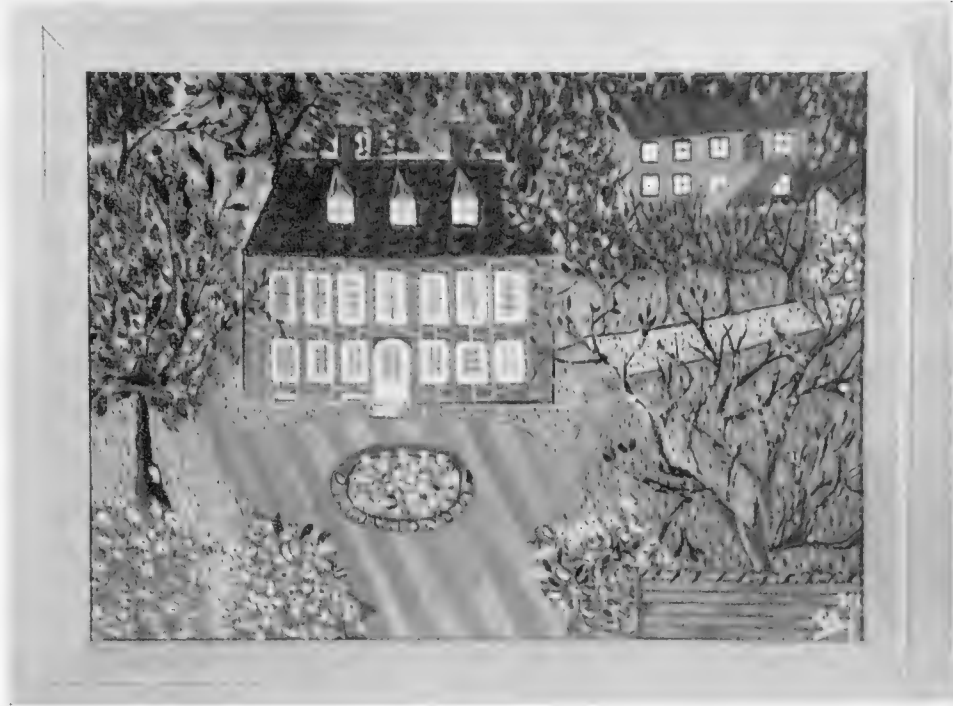
At the Ben Uri Gallery today a one-man exhibition begins. The artist is a West End specialist who paints in his consulting-room or in his bathroom



Left: Dr. Tuttnauer at his easel in the surgery. Above: His canvases are put away in readiness for the morning's consultations



Two paintings: Left, a view of Salsomaggiore hangs above autographed photographs of friends and (below) Lady Brabourne's house at Ashford

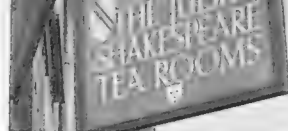


Photographs by GERTI DEUTSCH

FOUR YEARS AGO, DR. PHOEBUS TUTTNAUER, A consultant, started to paint in his spare time and enrolled for evening classes at the Regent Street Polytechnic. A year later he exhibited at the Medical Art Society show; his picture *The Beach* was praised by critics. Since then he has exhibited at many exhibitions, and last year one of his paintings was hung in the Royal Academy. Today Sir Archibald McIndoe, the plastic surgeon, opens Dr. Tuttnauer's first one-man exhibition, at the Ben Uri Gallery.

Dr. Tuttnauer, who is 69, came to England from Vienna in 1938 as a refugee from the Nazis. Among his patients were leading artists and musicians, including singers of the Vienna State Opera. Nowadays, he and his wife, a physiotherapist and cosmetician, live in Portland Place. At weekends and in the evenings he paints in his surgery, which is at one end of the flat. During the week he does most of his painting in the bathroom.

So far he has completed 28 paintings, many of them landscapes painted at home from sketches and memory. Dr. Tuttnauer has been described as "a painter of outstanding quality and vision," . . . "an artist rapidly making his name as a leading British primitive." The late Stephen Bone said he had "a sort of instinctive gift for pattern and colour that one finds sometimes in peasant art . . . the power of bending nature to his will, without—and this is the difficult part—showing any awareness that he is doing it."



controversy

SHRINE OR SHAM?

How authentic are the Shakespearean "relics" that will bring thousands of sightseers to Stratford-on-Avon during the season that opens next week?

GREY LACEY'S PHOTOGRAPHS

JOHN LAWRENCE'S TEXT

*"... thou ... hast had my purse
As if the strings were thine. . . ."**

WHEN ACTOR PETER WOODTHORPE WALKS ON TO THE STAGE OF THE SHAKESPEARE Memorial Theatre next Tuesday night and says those words to Sam Wanamaker, what is certain to be the most profitable season in the history of Stratford-upon-Avon will have begun. During the following 34 weeks tourists by the hundred thousand will be able to give Roderigo's phrase a modern meaning, as Stratford's prosperous tradesmen and caterers relieve them of some £2 million!

This immense tourist trade is largely founded on the preservation at Stratford of various ancient buildings generally believed to have been frequented by The Bard himself. The most famous is, of course, the Tudor building in Henley Street known as the Birthplace. Once the pilgrim could sit in "Shakespeare's chair," handle "the sword he used to play Hamlet," see the matchlock he took on his mythical deer-poaching exploit and come away with a souvenir "made from the mulberry tree he planted with his own hands." Such obviously spurious thrills have long been denied the visitor. Yet about 250,000 will this year pay 2s. each to go into the building and will leave satisfied that they have seen not only the house in which William Shakespeare was born but also the very room.

What they may not have time to find out is that he is just as likely to have
* "Othello," Act I, Sc. 1. *continued overleaf*



DIRECTOR OF THE BIRTHPLACE TRUST, Mr. Levi Fox, is frank about some of the gaps in evidence, but is a convinced upholder of the Birthplace. He says of the "birthroom" (in which he is shown, right): "I don't think there is any doubt Shakespeare was born here." The furniture, he admits, is only "such as the Shakespeare family may well have had." Similarly "Shakespeare's desk" (with which Mr. Fox is shown opposite) was brought from the Grammar School long before Mr. Fox's time, but has no known association with Shakespeare. Unchallengeable, however, is Shakespeare's baptism entry (above) in Stratford's Church of the Holy Trinity. The ink is fading fast





been born in some other vanished house, perhaps in Greenhill Street. For his father, John Shakespeare, had several properties in Stratford and it is impossible to say in which he was living at the time of William's birth in 1564. We know only that:

- (i) Shakespeare senior was fined one shilling in 1552 for making a rubbish dump in Henley Street.
- (ii) In 1556, the year before his marriage to Mary Arden, he bought a cottage in Henley Street and a house in Greenhill Street.
- (iii) In 1575 he bought two houses, situations unknown.
- (iv) In 1590 he is recorded as the owner of two adjoining houses in Henley Street, the one used as living quarters, the other as a shop for the variety of trades he seems to have followed.

It is these last two houses that have come to be known as "the house where Shakespeare was born." But the first evidence of their receiving this description occurs nearly 150 years after the event. In 1769 the place was one of the principal sights during David Garrick's disastrous jubilee celebrations. The identification of the birthroom seems to date from that time. In at least one of the Birthplace Trust's official pamphlets (price one shilling) the room is now described as The Birthroom, without any ifs and buts.

Until then the main magnet for the pilgrim was the Shakespeare monument in Holy Trinity Church, where today he is surprised to find himself charged 6d. admission by a custodian selling plaster plaques of the church and rubbings of the inscription on the grave at 2s. 6d. a time. For his sixpence he will be able to examine the entries of the baptism of "William, son of John Shakespeare" and the burial of "Will. Shakespere, gent." in the church register. He will be able to read the verse on the grave:

*Good Friend for Jesus sake forebear
To digg the dust enclosed heare;
Blest be ye man yt spares these stones,
And cursed be he yt moves my bones*

He will also be able to gaze at the monument that shows "the greatest genius of all time" wearing what Mark Twain called "the deep, deep, deep, subtle, subtle, subtle expression of a bladder."

According to the church's guide for visitors this monument is "*known to have been in position in the year 1623, carved by Gerard Jansson.*" In fact the monument the visitor sees today dates only from the mid-18th century and the bust incorporated in it bears no resemblance to the one carved by Jansson.

What happened was that in 1746 some well-meaning but misguided admirers of the plays undertook to "restore and beautify" the decaying monument. The result is that the bust of a pinched old man clutching a sack, which was there when Sir William Dugdale made a drawing of it for his book *The Antiquities Of Warwickshire* (published in 1656), was replaced by the well-fed, jovial-looking gent, ostentatiously clutching a pen to show he is a writer, whom we see today.

Two of the principal attractions of the town, then, lose much of their glamour when viewed in the unsentimental light of reason. What of the others?

concluded on page 30

controversy

continued



"THE MONUMENT OF THE POET on the wall, known to have been in position in the year 1623, by Gerard Jansson," is how the guide for visitors to Holy Trinity Church describes the Shakespeare memorial, shown (right) as it is today. No mention is made of the extensive alterations in the mid-18th century that did away with the original bust (left) seen by the antiquarian Sir William Dugdale around 1630. The engraving shown was made from his original drawing (still extant) published in *The Antiquities Of Warwickshire* in 1656.



IN ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE (at Shottery, one mile from Stratford) some of the furniture formerly belonged to the Hathaways. The large open fireplace (below) is more or less as it was in the 16th century. It is broadly hinted to visitors that the courting settle on the right was actually shared by William and Anne.



THE EDWARD IV GRAMMAR SCHOOL is wedged (*right*) between the ancient Gild Chapel and a row of cottages. In holiday time the schoolroom (on the first floor) is shown to tourists, but there is no evidence that Shakespeare was ever a pupil there. There is said to be a tradition that he left at 13 "to assist his father in business." As Mr. Cyril Poulter, chief guide at the Birthplace, puts it: "True there is no proof that he did go there, but there is also no proof that he didn't."



"THE BIRTHPLACE" in Henley Street, shown (*above, left*) in 1846, a year before it was acquired as a national museum. It was bought for £3,000 at a London auction where "a person interposed and called upon Mr. Robins [*the auctioneer*] to prove that the house . . . was the identical one in which the poet was born. Mr. Robins replied that tradition pointed out this house as that of Shakespeare's birth." *Above, right:* The house as it is today. It was elaborately restored on the basis of a flattering drawing current at the time of Garrick's Jubilee (1769). Adjoining properties were demolished, bay windows, dormer windows and penthouse over the entrance have been restored. But Mr. Levi Fox maintains that much of the original fabric still remains.

controversy*concluded*

The Shakespeare Birthplace Trust, which controls the Henley Street property, has four other goldmines in and around Stratford. All of them, like "The Birthplace," are elaborately furnished with picturesque items none of which has any association with Shakespeare but all of which are of the "right" period.

At the first, the farmhouse known as Anne Hathaway's Cottage, much of the furniture is said to have come down through the Hathaway family. The visitor's attention is drawn to a fireside "courting" settle upon which "a long-cherished Hathaway tradition" has it that William and Anne used to sit.

Next, Mary Arden's House at Wilmcote. This is the girlhood home of Shakespeare's mother. It is mainly interesting now for its old-world charm and for the museum of old farming implements in its outbuildings. Undisputed, too, is the attractive Hall's Croft, once the home of Shakespeare's daughter and her husband, Dr. John Hall. It was bought by the Trust for some £40,000 in 1950. It has been spruced up at great expense and furnished as a prosperous Jacobean doctor's house complete with dispensary.

Finally, New Place and Nash's House. Here the foundation remnants of the house to which Shakespeare retired after returning from London are precious preserved in a garden setting alongside the home of Thomas Nash, husband of the Bard's granddaughter, Elizabeth Hall.

All these buildings are of architectural interest, but in some cases over-restoration has minimized this—and, of course, the homes of Shakespeare's relatives are hardly of the same historical interest as his own would be. Nevertheless the crowds come.

Apart from the uncountable hordes of day-trippers who will come this year by car, coach, train and bike to throw bread at the Avon's swans and picnic untidily on the river's banks, a quarter of a million visitors will spend at least one night in hotels like "The Shakespeare," "The White Swan" and "The Swan's Nest" or at the humbler signs of "Bed and Breakfast." About 360,000 will see a single performance of one of the five plays at the Theatre—*Othello*, *All's Well That Ends Well*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Coriolanus*, *King Lear*. Two and a half million postcards of the town's sights will be bought, and so will a million souvenirs of several hundred varieties, from brass "Shakespearean" nutcrackers to hand-puppets of the Bard himself.

In shops and restaurants the cash registers' music will sound like the food of love and play on without any danger of surfeiting appetites. Traffic will come to a standstill on lovely, ancient but totally inadequate Clopton Bridge, pavements will be choked by tourists gaping alike at genuine and pseudo-Tudor architecture and long lines of avid sightseers will head towards that much-restored cottage in Henley Street.



The French invasion

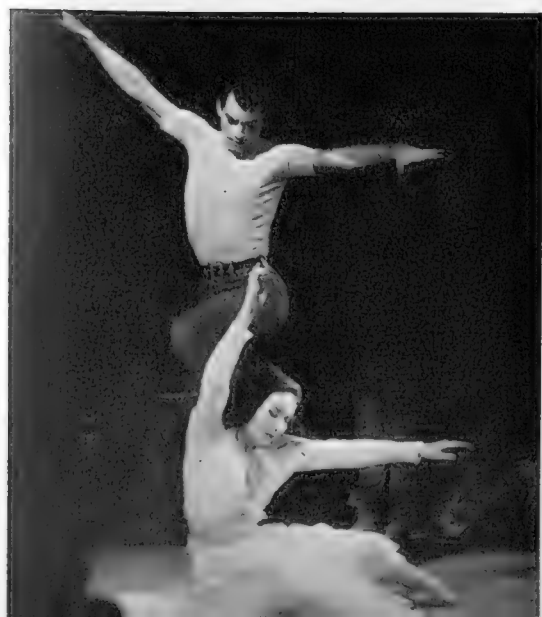
London greets the actors of the Comédie Française and the dancers of Ludmilla Tcherina's Theatre-Ballet. Alan Vines went to photograph them

BALLET SEQUENCE from *The Lovers Of Teruel* is danced (below) by Ludmilla Tcherina with her partner Vassili Sulich. This is a first ballet by producer Raymond Rouleau. The Tcherina season is at the Cambridge for a month





COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE members are shown in their dressing-rooms at the Prince's Theatre making up for their next performance. Pictures like these would not be allowed in Paris where the stage door of Europe's oldest theatrical company is strictly guarded. Actor-director Jean Meyer (above, opposite) is the company's leading spirit. Mme. Andrée de Chauveron (above, centre) has spent all her acting life with the Comédie Française. Three of the younger members (above) are Micheline Boudet, Marie Sabouret and Yvonne Gaudeau. Another of the Comédie's ladies (left) is Denise Noel



VERDICTS

on new plays, films, books and records

Progressives will pass this one by

THEATRE
by Anthony
Cookman

MANY good, easy playgoers will be startled when they come to be told by historians that the battle of ideas during the present decade raged more fiercely in the theatre than anywhere else. Present day propagandists are more likely to be playwrights than novelists or pamphleteers. Yet, just as some of us lived through the "Mad Twenties" without noticing that our neighbours were any madder than usual, so even more, I fancy, will they find the legend of the Intellectual Fifties hard to recognize.

They will remember so many nights that seemed no different from the nights of other decades before or since, but only a part of the continuous sequence of experience. The truth is that there is a bit of the theatre that goes gently on for ever, resisting any attempt to put a special stamp upon it, and one of the playwrights who helps to maintain this unobtrusive equilibrium is Mr. Kenneth Horne.

He has once or twice in recent years toyed not very rewardingly with fashionable fantasy, but in *Wolf's Clothing* at the Strand he makes a successful return to the manner of *Fools Rush In* and *Love in a Mist*. This manner may excite the derision of young progressives, but they won't deny that Mr. Horne handles the technical problems which it raises with admirable expertness. It is hardly credible that he manages to keep an audience comfortably chuckling over nothing of greater theatrical importance than the mild embarrassment of two wives and two husbands who unwittingly share the wrong bedrooms; yet this is the pivot of his farcical comedy and it goes on working smoothly up to the final curtain.

The dangerous time, from his point of view, comes of course while he is getting the pivot into working order. He has to make it clear to us that Julian, the ambitious young Civil Servant, is such an ingrainedly respectable fellow that he is hardly human. It must consequently seem perfectly natural that his wife Sally, a woman who has the unfortunate social habit of always telling the truth, should confess to him that she is getting rather bored with her complete domestic security. She would almost welcome the chance to meet the challenge of infidelity on his part; but that is the one duty of a considerate husband which he knows it is not in him to render.

However, Mr. Horne's characters live in a small world, and they have two friends whose domestic predicament is exactly the opposite of their own. Infidelity is a habit that Andrew cannot break and his wife is kept wearily on her toes in the matter of make-up and attire to ensure that there shall be at least brief periods of fidelity.

Janet has once again taken flight when the comedy opens. She is waiting anxiously to be overtaken by her contrite husband. It is late at night when the incorrigible philanderer arrives, and that, simply, is why Sally gives over the main bedroom to her guest and herself goes to bed in the guest room, leaving her husband a note (which he doesn't read) explaining the rearrangement.

Letting the secrets of the night ravel themselves up during one interval, Mr. Horne makes the greater part of his comedy depend on their unravelling in the morning. A pretty foreign maid who speaks no English adds to the complications. The conscience stricken philanderer leaps to the conviction that if he did not, as at first he supposes, spend the night in his wife's room he must have spent it in the maid's. There is a strong probability that she already has gone to the police. And before his mind is put at ease quite a lot happens.

Julian has been goaded by his wife into a demonstration that there is a limit even to his respectability and has good reason to resign his Civil Service ambitions. His truthful wife Sally, in an attempt to recover his position for him, has shown that, put to it, she can lie with the best; and incidentally the audience, probably to their surprise, have found that a piece which promised little at the beginning has turned out, after all, pleasing entertainment.

Mr. Horne makes no great demands on his actors. *Wolf's Clothing* eventually no doubt will be found eminently suited not only to repertory but to amateur companies. Meanwhile Mr. Derek Farr, as the Civil Servant, Miss Muriel Pavlow as the reckless but essentially constant wife, and Mr. Patrick Cargill as the woman-chaser, act it easily and well, with Mr. Cargill having the most to do and obviously enjoying himself the most.

THE TATLER & Bystander
32 1 April 1959

THE PLAY:

Wolf's clothing
Derek Farr
Muriel Pavlow
Elspeth Gray
Patrick Cargill

They should have stayed in China

MR. JEFFREY DELL, in his delicious *Nobody Ordered Wolves*, made it clear that the world of movie-making is an unpredictable one in which, according to the vagaries of a producer, director or financier, or through a newly arisen political situation or a switch in public taste, the venue of a film can be summarily altered from the Arctic to the South Seas. This gives the script-writer a little more to do—converting polar bears into porpoises and seals into sharks and such-like—and can produce the oddest aftermath.

In the case cited by Mr. Dell, it was a pack of unwanted wolves ravaging about a panic-stricken studio. In the case of Mr. Anatole Litvak's highly emotional film, *The Journey*, it may be a fleet of Chinese junks cluttering up the Yangtze River in years to come, still awaiting the arrival of Miss Deborah Kerr and Mr. Yul Brynner. You see, as originally conceived, this picture was to have a Chinese background—but, following the ill-starred Hungarian uprising, somebody must have decided that westward a more burning topicality beckoned: Budapest and a small town near the Hungarian/Austrian frontier now constitute the setting.

Mr. Brynner, a charming chap to meet, assures me that the film was never intended to have any political significance, but simply to create a tense situation (re-create, I might have said, since it recalls de Maupassant's *Boule de Suif*) and to tell a story. Hungary, the scene of so real, recent and politically inspired a tragedy as history records, seems to me the wrong choice for a piece designed solely as entertainment.

A mixed bag of travellers, en route by air to Vienna, are stranded in Budapest early in November, 1956, when the Russian tanks have done their worst. Among the 14 fretful air-line ticket holders are three with British passports—Mr. Robert Morley, an urbane television correspondent, Miss Deborah Kerr, beautiful and titled, and Mr. Jason Robards, Jr., a sick man about

CINEMA

by Elspeth
Grant



The strait-laced Civil Servant and his frivolous wife (Derek Farr and Muriel Pavlow) in Kenneth Horne's new comedy *Wolf's Clothing*, reviewed here

whom she is solicitous: he is a wounded Hungarian patriot she is helping to escape.

When the party is allowed to proceed by bus to the Hungarian border and is suddenly detained by a forceful Russian major (Mr. Brynner) at a little town, it becomes pretty obvious that Mr. Robards is a dangerous companion whose presence could land them all in prison. Miss Kerr is doubtless doing a noble deed—but has she the right to jeopardize the lives of 12 other people to save one man? The suspense is great as one waits to see if somebody will descend to betraying Mr. Robards—but eventually it transpires that he was not the real reason for their detention: the major is obviously passionately attracted to Miss Kerr—so naturally another means of securing his permission for their release occurs to them.

The major, as played by Mr. Brynner, is a man of lively intelligence and humour, capable of the most generous impulses—though perhaps a trifle naïf in his attitude to the Hungarians: “Why do they hate me? I came all the way from Stalingrad to liberate these people,” he says, in a genuinely mystified voice. He is never the villain—in fact he is responsible for seeing the entire party to safety before being ironically assassinated by Hungarian partisans: this, I feel, makes him the hero. Mr. Brynner would not commit himself to me on this point: “Well, anyway, it’s the *System* that is the villain—not any person,” he said, firmly.

He gives an excellent, powerful and muscular performance which sets off nicely the complete femininity of Miss Kerr’s—and there are many moments of pity and terror: but though the film caught me occasionally by the throat it did not succeed in stifling my uneasy and unhappy feeling that the background, all too authentically and to our knowledge bloodstained, is the wrong one. What was the matter with China—vast, remote, impersonal China—anyway?

Mr. Walt Disney’s *Tonka* has a beautiful stallion in the title rôle, Mr. Sal Mineo as the young Indian brave who catches and trains him, and Mr. Philip Carey as the decent U.S. cavalry captain who acquires the horse and rides him into battle at Little Big Horn where Gen. Custer made his famous last stand—an engagement of which the lovely creature has the distinction of being the sole survivor on our side.

Some of the scenes seem to me too cruel to be borne—an ill-tempered Indian beats Tonka across the eyes with a coiled rope, a coarse cavalry corporal forces the brutal “breaking” bit into the stallion’s mouth, and equine mortality in the battle sequences is deplorably high: on the other hand Mr. Mineo’s devotion to his horse is most touching—and I was glad to see Gen. Custer (Mr. Britt Lomond) is no longer presented as a wholly admirable character.

Mlle. Juliette Gréco, a French café waitress sought by the German police for associating with Mr. William Sylvester, a crook and murderer of nationality uncertain, induces a German bargee,

Herr O. W. Fischer, to take her down the Rhine to safety. This gives Mr. Lewis Allen, the director of *Whirlpool*, a chance to take us on a conducted (but, I thought, back-projected?) tour of that heavenly romantic river.

The barge is a beauty—and so is Mlle. Greco, who continues to suggest immense but hitherto unexploited potentialities. Presumably Herr Fischer has a great fan following, or he would not be here—but, frankly, I could see nothing in his performance to explain or justify any such thing. Mr. Sylvester is (strictly for the film) so thoroughly odious that one wonders Mlle. Greco would bother with such a bad hat. But there, that’s the sort of puzzle one is always wondering over in real life. No matter what, the scenery’s grand (in Eastman Colour) and the film will make a pleasant prelude to your Rhineland holiday.



“You’re my bad penny,” says Lora (Juliette Gréco) to Herman (William Sylvester) in *Whirlpool*

THE FILMS:

The journey
Deborah Kerr
Yul Brynner
Robert Morley
Jason Robards, Jr.
dr. Anatole Litvak

Tonka
Sal Mineo
Philip Carey
Britt Lomond
dr. Lewis R. Foster

Whirlpool
Juliette Gréco
Muriel Pavlow
O. W. Fischer
Marius Goring
William Sylvester
dr. Lewis Allen

The Parker memory stays with us

CHARLIE PARKER died young, but not before he had set a style and a fashion which was to permeate the ranks of modern jazzmen. It does so to the point where it is impossible to pick up a record today without finding a hint of his influence in the saxophone players, be they alto or tenor. Some of these men surprisingly come from Detroit, a city which has never featured in the annals of traditional jazz, but which has made a real contribution to the modern scene. One of these is Yusef Lateef, formerly Bill Evans, a tenor player who adopted Hindu religion and a change of name a year or two ago.

His Esquire LP attempts to embrace many Eastern facets in its approach to the borderlines of jazz and raucous humour. This one should not be taken seriously, as it includes such diverse “instruments” as the balloon (squeezed, not burst), “Seven-up” bottle, Chinese gong and earth-board, which the script describes as a three-wire wooden board. His Columbia LP is of a different calibre, not entirely my taste, but full of musical worth.

Another Detroiter is Pepper Adams, a hard-blowing baritone saxophonist whose roots lie in the great tenor stylists of today. Perhaps his closest affinity is to Harry Carney, one of the mainstays of Ellington’s reedmen. Similarly Billy Mitchell, currently playing tenor with Basic, hails from Detroit, and has contributed materially to the success of Milt Jackson and Ray Charles on their latest session; no one should miss their blues performance on their potentially historical record.

I started by mentioning Parker, and inevitably return to his memory when I mention that the Jackson/Charles epic was designed as a sort of memorial to the great alto player. So too could be construed the joint efforts of altoists Phil Woods, Gene Quill, Sahib Shihab, and Hal Stein, who banded together for six energetic tracks of lengthy solos, all fundamentally based on that one style. I have to read my notes like mad to know who is playing; at that stage I am inclined to lose interest, or find myself so wrapped up in the technical aspects of the music that I never get round to hearing the jazz.

It is convenient that three alto/tenor horn players who have been featured visitors in recent British jazz tours should have had albums released in the past few weeks. Altoist Lee Konitz blew some uninspired jazz at us last September; he was out of form, and unhappy with his backing. I got the impression that he hated his audience too. His London album cheats, because they only use

continued overleaf

RECORDS

by Gerald Lascelles

THE RECORDS:

Yusef Lateef
Before Dawn
12-in. L.P.
£2 1s. 8½d.
Columbia
33CX10124

Pepper Adams
Critics' Choice
12-in. L.P.
£1 18s. 3d.
Vogue LAE12134

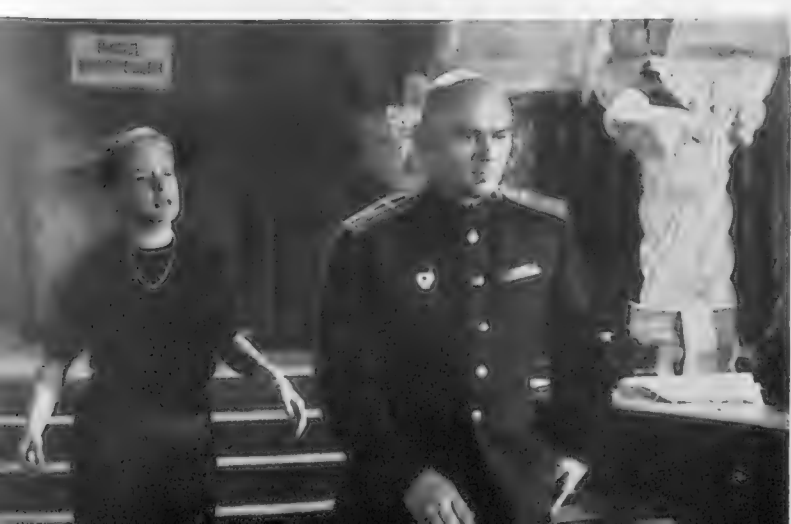
Jackson/Charles
Soul Brothers
12-in. L.P.
£1 17s. 6½d.
London
1/TZ-K15146

Coleman Hawkins
High and Mighty
Hawk 12-in. L.P.
£1 17s. 6½d.
Felsted FAJ7005

Stan Getz
At Storyville
12-in. L.P.
£1 18s. 3d.
Vogue LAE12158

Gerry Mulligan
The Mulligan
Songbook
12-in. L.P.
£1 18s. 3d.
Vogue LAE12128

The Englishwoman
detained in
Budapest (Deborah
Kerr) pursues the
Russian major (Yul
Brynner), pleading for
the life of her
Hungarian fiancé, in
The Journey



Phyllis Hastings, the novelist. Her new book: The Fountain Of Youth (Hutchinson) is the story of a long-married man who becomes haunted by the image of his first love



excerpts from tapes he made at a session, so we hear the good and not the bad. Even then he cannot match the prowess of Stan Getz, star of last year's "Jazz At The Philharmonic" package show in Britain. He is an enigma of jazz to my mind, with his purity of tone defying all the accepted standards of hot jazz, yet he blows as hot as anyone.

Last but not least, there is Coleman Hawkins in a biting piece of swing which proves just how little we heard or could enjoy of his work in the same tour with Getz. This is jazz from the saxophone, as it should be played.

A spring clean at Toad Hall

BOOKS
by *Siriol*
Hugh-Jones

MR. PETER GREEN's clever, careful, fascinating biography **Kenneth Grahame** held me spell-bound and shivering until the last page. It also makes one think again about the complex and problematic art of biography. Biographers, like novelists, must make up their minds about how to present their subject, decide what aspect to spotlight, what to leave in shadow, what to dig up out of the past, what to leave kindly and politely buried.

Possibly only a Napoleon could actually look forward with confidence and pleasure to the thought of future biographers probing away with their little picks and scalpels—and even his laurel-wreath is slipping further askew with each new volume. The post-Freud resurrection-men leave the poor illustrious corpses little polite covering to their naked bones.

Mr. Green's book sets out intelligently and sensitively to relate Grahame's writing to his mid-Victorian background and to the curious oddities of his own personality. To do this thoroughly and well, you may say, it is absolutely necessary for us to know as much as possible about Grahame's weird and unhappy marriage, the deeper and more disturbing aspects of his own personality, and the fact that his tragic wreck of an only son did not, as was put out, meet a fatal accident on a railway line, but committed suicide—a large part of the responsibility for which must be laid at his parents' door. Mr. Green, while acknowledging Grahame's distrust of biographers, says, "I can only plead to his amiable ghost that my first concern throughout has been to see justice done to him." And throughout the book I was somehow puzzlingly conscious of a gentle, sympathetic voice, full of love and understanding and sweet reason, saying in a tone of half-regretful pleasure, "This bit is going to be quite painful, but honestly it is all in the name of justice."

Maybe I am being unfair, or suffering from a reaction against the brisk, ruthless, marshal-all-the-facts-in-the-right-order principle of biography that was, in its turn, a reaction against sycophantic, decorous, prettily gilded academy portraits in milk-and-water prose. But what, after all, is the whole truth about anyone? I cannot myself ever accept the idea of an entirely objective biography.

At all events, quite apart from its evident care, scholarship and ease of style, **Kenneth Grahame** sweeps so many sad skeletons out of cupboards that one is mesmerized by every word of it. It may be merely my weak nerve that makes me spare a pang of sympathy for writers for posterity, already shuddering in their shoes. Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow (and poor Mr. Grahame nearly was) thou shalt not escape biography. The men with the sharp spades will dig you out at last, and a good long time before the Last Trump, too.

Nothing else this week stands up to the morbid phosphorescent glow of Mr. Green's biography.

Briefly . . . dedicated admirers of Mr. J. L. M. Stewart-Michael Innes, of whom I am one, will be glad to know about **The Man Who Wrote Detective Stories**, a collection of four spiky, ironic, sly and even-voiced tales, two of which are horribly alarming, and one in particular—a story of a country house that resembles a morgue and by a ludicrous and macabre accident in fact becomes one—is the most unnerving blend of cold horror and bright-eyed, bushy-tailed malice. . . . **Love In Four Flats** by Ralph Ricketts is about just what it says—the emotional relationships of the people inhabiting four of a block of flats and the other people they are in love with, not in love with, wondering if they are in love with, trying to be in love with, and so on. It is set in London in the 30s, and in spite of the fact that it is nice, agreeable, easy reading, so much talk and discussion about happiness, unhappiness, understanding, compatibility and other kindred topics began to make me feel thoroughly dispirited and to long for someone to concentrate on something practical and mundane, like earning money, or cooking, or making the best of a bad day at the office. . . .

I am aware that this is clearly my week for sounding like Matron at her tetchiest, but the clearest feeling inspired in me by **The World Of Henry Orient**, a first novel by Nora Johnson, was one of unmistakable alarm and despondency. It is told in the first person, by a teenage schoolgirl—current fiction's most loved figure—and it paints, with a calm absence of astonishment, a dismal picture of mixed-up marriages and their offspring, and in particular of one Val Boyd, a teenager with grisly family problems who is undergoing Freudian analysis, talks like an off-centre adult and is treated by almost everyone as such. Maybe the point of the book is to demonstrate how some children can survive practically anything. As a picture of home-life in New York it may, for all I know, be grimly realistic.

A stone guillotine, with head in position. From In Search Of Tiki (Souvenir Press) by Francis Maziere, an account of discoveries in Polynesia

THE BOOKS:

Kenneth Grahame
by Peter Green
(John Murray, 30s.)

The man who wrote detective stories
by J. L. M. Stewart
(Gollancz, 13s. 6d.)

Love in four flats
by Ralph Ricketts
(Chapman & Hall, 15s.)

The world of Henry Orient
by Nora Johnson
(Gollancz, 15s.)



RIGHT FOR THE RESORTS



35
THE TATLER
& Bystander
1 April 1959



Right because fashion's prelude to summer is an array of sparkling colour in light-weights designed for the world's holiday playgrounds. The Marchese Emilio Pucci has based his collection on the work of Botticelli who once painted a picture to commemorate the marriage of a 15th-century Pucci to a Medici. The Marchese's own marriage to the Baronessa Christina Nannini took place in Rome last February and he celebrated by designing the silk "Wedding" shirt (*above*). It incorporates the Pucci coat of arms—a negro's head—and various motifs taken from the original Botticelli painting. Price: 15½ gns., matching silk slacks 15 gns. The long-sleeved silk shirt (*top*) has a tiny waves and roses motif taken from the painter's *Birth Of Venus*. Price complete with matching shorts: 25 gns. More than 28 colours were used for the Botticelli print on the silk shirt in the cover picture (*left*), price: 15½ gns. All three can be bought mid-April at Woollands, Knightsbridge. Photographs by **John Antill** on the roof of the Palazzo Pucci in Florence with the Duomo in the background



Brilliant scarlet cotton is used by Myricae of Rome for a holiday dress that has a gay border of houses printed in white on the skirt, the hemline of which is edged with hand-made coarse white lace which also outlines the neck. This dress imported directly from Italy can be bought at Lillywhites, Piccadilly Circus



RIGHT *for the* RESORTS

continued

Butcher-blue woven cotton skirt with a wide band of natural linen embroidered with traditional peasant design in red. The skirt is worn with a matching red cotton blouse, and can be bought at Lillywhites, Piccadilly Circus. Designed and made by Myricae of Rome

Black and white checked cotton gingham makes a dirndl skirt and matching top also designed by Myrica of Rome. The skirt is made of contrasting checks. Obtainable at Lillywhites, Piccadilly Circus



Crimson cape flourished by a matador provides an eye-catching motif for the white silk shirt designed by Magnani for Glans of Milan. Imported and sold by Simpsons of Piccadilly, price: 12 gns. The fashions on these pages were photographed at Le Golf Ugolino in the hills outside Florence



Beach two-piece by Falconetto of Rome in a pink carnation printed cotton. The jacket with its attached hood is quilted and lined with pink towelling. The matching playsuit is cut all-in-one. Both can be bought at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. Price: Jacket 21 gns. Playsuit 14 gns.



Hooded cape from the collection of Scarabocchio of Florence in orange towelling banded with a handblocked print in green and orange on a white ground. It is worn over a bikini made of the same cotton. Scarabocchio design and print their own materials which are exclusive to them. Cape and bikini are on sale at Simpson's, Piccadilly. Price: 14 gns.

Cotton tabard from Falconetto of Rome is printed with a design in which enormous gold fish radiate around the sun. The tabard can be worn over matching jeans, or alternatively with shorts. At Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, the tabard and jeans, price: 21 gns., the matching beach bag 8 gns.



E SEVERAMENTE
PROIBITO
BAGNARE I CANI
IN PISCINA



Cotton playsuit in white has a pouched overshirt gaily decorated with multi-coloured petersham bows which are also repeated in the enormous buckle on the high hat. The playsuit is imported from Glans of Milan exclusively by Harvey Nichols. The wistful look on the dog's face is probably due to the notice in Italian forbidding him entrance to the pool



RIGHT *for the* RESORTS *concluded*



For arrival and departure, and especially for formal invitations, your holiday wardrobe must include a smart dress and jacket. Designed by Baratta of Rome in pale sky-blue fine worsted the model (*left*) is made in England by Susan Small and available mid-April at Fenwicks, New Bond Street. The sleeveless dress has a rounded neckline with an inset of finely tucked white lawn which is repeated on the jacket collar. The dress and coat (*above*), from Emilio Capucci of Rome, is right for sunshine. The material is fine light-weight white wool and the sleeveless dress has a deep border of hand-embroidery in multi-coloured silks incorporating a motif of grapes. This is repeated on the coat. Note the short sleeves, the collarless neckline



IT COULD BE FOR YOU . . .

That cool and carefree look

In cool sea-green for a spring occasion the jersey suit (*opposite page*) is trimmed with chalk white on the revers, cuffs and pockets. The jacket is straight and has three-quarter, slightly bloused sleeves, the skirt is straight. Price: £16 10s., also in oatmeal and navy blue trimmed with white, but only to order. The crisp white poplin shirt (*right*) with sleeves caught into tight cuffs at three-quarter length can be worn with the skirt for leisure moments. Also in other colours; price £2 19s. 6d. A blue-green silk scarf with an alphabet pattern in black tucks into the neck of the shirt, price £2 17s. 6d. In other colours, too. The bag (*detail above*) is in luxan hide and has a gilt clasp, price £7 7s. 6d. (in black calf £11 5s.). The nine-carat gold link bracelet costs £30 and the jewelled gold clover leaf charm (one of a number of designs for attachment) £21. The suit and all the accessories from Finnigans, New Bond Street, W.1



PHOTOGRAPHS BY
PETER ALEXANDER



BEAUTY

The trouble with nails

by JEAN CLELAND



*One nail is false,
but which one is it?*



*After being gloved in
wax hands are massaged*

A FRIEND SPENDING the weekend with us, came into my bedroom, and found me dissolving powdered gelatine in hot water.

"What are you making?" she asked.

"I'm not making anything, I'm preparing a treatment for you."

"For me? Is it for my face?"

"No, for your nails."

"Are you going to paint it on?"

"No, I want you to drink it."

There was good sense behind that conversation. I often get asked what can be done for brittle nails. People whose nails tend to split and break easily, find this a distressing problem especially at this time of year, with invitations to parties thick on the mantelshelf. Uneven, badly shaped finger nails spoil the look of even the most carefully tended hands, and give a shabby look to an otherwise well-groomed appearance.

So we come to the gelatine recipe which at the moment is being advocated by experts. Knowing that my friend had brittle nails I decided to get her to try it. In America I believe the gelatine is made up into some sort of pills or capsules but, as far as I know, these are not yet available in this country. It is quite simple, however—and just as effective—to dissolve a small teaspoonful of gelatine in a little hot water and drink it. It is virtually tasteless, but, if preferred, a little flavour can be added by squeezing in a few drops of lemon juice. If it is to do any good, the gelatine should be taken twice a day for some time, when there should be a considerable improvement.

So much for internal treatment. For external methods, I went to see a French woman, Miss Dedon, who makes a speciality of hand and nail care. She gives treatments at Harrods according to the needs of her individual clients. For those whose nails split and break owing to acidity, she finds wax one of the best things. This draws out the acid, and also has a nourishing effect. It can be had as a whole hand and nail treatment—which is excellent for enlarged joints—or for finger tips only. The wax is applied hot, and allowed to cool and get set, when it is then peeled off.

For clients whose nails break mostly because of excessive dryness she advises a finger-tip oil bath before the manicure and a nail cream or nail tonic afterwards. There are various excellent preparations of this kind on the market, and after the salon treatment one of them should be applied at home every night and morning.

I asked Miss Debon if I could see a demonstration of her *Sculpt-on-Nail* treatment, which is proving a boon for partygoers who, at the eleventh hour, break a finger nail, ruining the look of the nine remaining long and beautiful ones. This treatment, she told me, comes from America. It is similar to one by Revlon called *Nail Fix*, which can be bought for use at home, but since to apply anything of the kind for oneself requires skill, I was interested to see how it works.

The way in which the *Sculpt-on-Nail* is done is difficult to describe. The main idea is that a false nail is built up with powder and liquid over the real nail, and over a shaped shield which extends to the required length. When the process is complete, the nail is varnished, and looks exactly like all the others. Moreover it feels safe and it lasts.

From Harrods I went to Riché, where I talked still further on the subject of brittle nails with my own pet manicurist, Germaine, who is also an expert at her job. Her favourite tip for correcting this particular weakness is white iodine and castor oil mixed in equal quantities. This should be rubbed into the cuticles and underneath each nail every night. Another way is to soak the nails in warm oil for a few minutes at night, and then paint them with the white iodine in the morning. Whichever way you do it, the important thing to remember is that oil must be used to counteract the drying effects of the iodine.

Another tip for preventing nail brittleness which I have always found effective is to put a little *Nailoid* on to the nailbrush and, after scrubbing the nails with soap and water in the ordinary way, finish off with this. The new formula is particularly good because it contains lanolin, which nourishes the nails and encourages a stronger growth.



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William Walter's is almost the first vault you come to in the Silver Vaults. He is a member of the Antique Dealers' Association and from his collection of silver and Sheffield plate comes the rare Elizabethan Tigerware pottery jug (circa 1558) (below) with engraved silver top and base. With it is a silver "seal top" spoon, also Elizabethan



L. Langford's: The teapot was made by Hester Bateman, the woman silversmith, about 1790. The tall silver cream jug (circa 1790) is probably also her work, but her mark is over stamped with the initials "G.G." for George Grey who did this to a number of the original Bateman designs



B. Silverman's: The Georgian punch ladles with silver bowls are from their collection. Pointing outwards to the left is one with a slim whalebone handle decorated with silver. The middle one has a scalloped bowl, the third has an ornately embossed bowl with a coin inset. Prices from about £3 10s. to £8



Counter spy

explores the treasury stored in London's

labyrinthine Silver Vaults



Neil Peppé

H. Miller's: A pair of resplendent candelabra in Georgian Sheffield plate (circa 1810) from this collection of antique and modern silver and silver plate. They were made by Matthew Boulton, a noted silversmith of the period

The Silver Vaults in Chancery Lane (the Holborn end) now contain some 50 to 60 different vaults owned by various dealers. Silver and silver plate—both antique and modern—is stored there and the display is almost unbelievable. Some of the dealers can help match up antique sets of cutlery from which pieces are missing (although it may take some years). But whether you visit the Vaults to buy or merely to gaze, no occupation could be more fascinating.

Lacquering, Restoring & Reproducing: C. S. Farbey, 17 Tudor Place (off the Tottenham Court Road), are hidden away but worth a visit. They manufacture reproductions of silver and plate, and also lacquer silver and plate at reasonable prices. This process is becoming more and more popular with people who live in cities and find the cleaning of their silver tiresome. The lacquer with careful treatment lasts a year to eighteen months.

Farbey's will also undertake any re-plating needed. Antique pieces of silver or Sheffield plate which have been damaged can be restored, although the work takes some time to complete. Photographs are available of some of the restorations; an estimate is given before any work is done.

For cleaning, polishing and lacquering a pair of Sheffield candelabra, for instance, Farbey's would charge about £7. The work may take about ten days to a fortnight to complete.

Minette Shepard

BEAUTY AND THE CLOCK

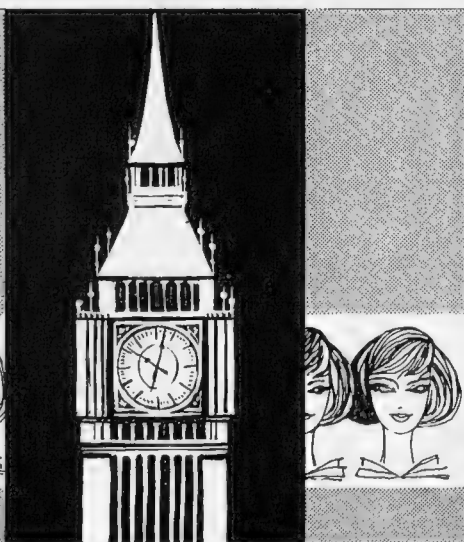
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LANCÔME





Schweppshire Guide to public speaking

No. 2 HOW TO SHOW THAT YOU ARE REALLY ONE OF THEM

If you were once head prefect at Marlbury, you probably followed that up by being O.C. of that rather amusing gang who dealt with Ack and Quack for the "Old Inveterates" during the war. Afterwards, it was perfectly natural to find oneself running Re-treads Ltd., though this was only a stepping-stone to the Managing Directorship of Crispcheese.

But although and indeed because Managing Directorship is born in one, it is essential, during bi-monthly talks to staff, to make it perfectly clear that you are really precisely the same as them, and though somebody must draw the job of Director out of the bran tub, that this is not going to be made an excuse for throwing about one's weight, in fact that is precisely what one has no intention of doing, on the contrary one is pretty well asking advice, as it were, and, providing everybody has the eye on the ball, and is pulling the oar at the right sort of moment, one is asking for opinions, really, because that is the way any decent business is run, and the Yes—sir—no—sir approach never set the Thames on fire, and anyhow one's job is not simply to please the shareholders, and one is glad of having the opportunity for this chat, because one probably thinks of one as Stiff Shirt whereas in fact one is not only pretty keen on games but on Hitchcock films as well, besides being interested in the English Opera Group, and in fact one is quite as young basically, if not slightly more so, than you are or can ever hope to be.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

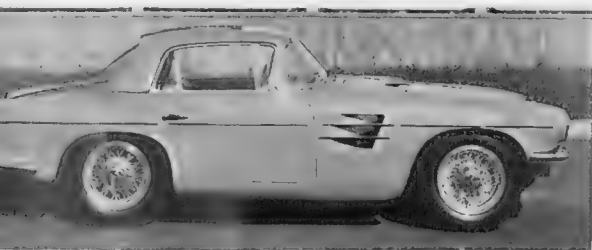
MOTORING

Spain abandons a dream car

by GORDON WILKINS

NEWS THAT THE production of Pegaso cars has been suspended may mark the end of a brave effort to revive the tradition of fine-car building in the old Hispano-Suiza factory. The Pegaso was the creation of Wilfredo P. Ricart, managing director and chief engineer of Spain's national bus and truck factory, who hoped to train a nucleus of skilled automobile engineers and bring in foreign currency by building fast sports cars of the highest quality. He summed up the philosophy behind it by saying "We are a poor country and therefore we must make jewels for the rich."

My first encounter with the Pegaso was in 1952 at the end of a long, complex Continental test schedule when everything possible had gone wrong. I had spent three days being

*The Pegaso Superleggera touring car*

devoured by mosquitos in Bruges waiting for a Continental Bentley which had been damaged in someone else's hands; then I had a hair-raising moment when a farmer drove a tractor and four trailers across the autoroute, blocking both carriageways simultaneously as we approached at 120 m.p.h. Next I drove non-stop down to Italy, to find that the promised Alfa-Romeo was not ready. When it was produced I escaped death by the narrowest of margins when an on-coming driver tried to bluff racing-driver Sanesi out of using the few yards of single-line carriage-way through which we had to pass while doing our timed 100 m.p.h. Then it was non-stop back to Paris to keep a rendezvous with two charming Spaniards who were bringing one of the first Pegasos up from Barcelona. We were to go on to Belgium to do the speed tests but first they had to call on M. Coatalen of Sunbeam fame to find which grade of KLG plug would best suit this fastidious four-camshaft V8 with four twin-choke carburettors (then practically in racing trim). This involved a day's work roaring and snarling round the outer boulevards of Paris until the plugs and carburation were satisfactorily matched before we set off for Belgium; two Spaniards, a Frenchman and an Englishman in a Pegaso and a Simca.

I rode in the Pegaso with their star test driver, a Spaniard who knew not what fear was. His philosophy was simple. Faced with a head-on collision the other man will

always give way. And on that trip they always did. We dived downhill into right-angle corners at 60 and shot through the closing gaps between opposing trucks at 90.

When I could take no more I persuaded him to let me have a go—and fortunately I was still able to appreciate the car's extraordinary qualities. The weight of the engine at the front was counterbalanced by grouping clutch, gearbox and differential at the rear. Torsion-bar front suspension and a De Dion rear axle also with torsion bars gave it an uncanny grip of the road. It had wonderful steering, needing only $1\frac{3}{4}$ turns from lock to lock, so that one could start a power slide and then stop it by flexing the wrists. And it had a clutchless gear change years before the automatic clutch came into use. Experts can make clutchless changes on almost any car, but on the Pegaso it was normal practice. Once on the move you could snap the lever from one gear to another just as fast as you could move it because the box had all its five speeds in constant mesh, with engagement by dog clutches like a motor-cycle gearbox.

When we reached the Belgian frontier we had long lost sight of the Simca. After waiting for an hour we drove back to the nearest village and started telephoning every other customs post on the frontier. We finally located them 40 miles away. They had kept track of us for a long time by following the skid marks, but eventually lost them. We arranged to cross into Belgium separately and meet at a tyre factory in Liege where we were due to pick up some racing tyres for the maximum speed tests. So back we went to the frontier in the Pegaso, checked out of France and presented ourselves to the Belgians. I produced my passport, my friend produced his and then the officer asked for the car documents. After a moment I repeated the request in case my friend had not understood. There was a long silence. The car had been brought into France on temporary papers but apparently no one had thought to arrange any for Belgium. We were now stuck. The car could not go back into France and it could not enter Belgium.

Leaving it in no man's land for the night, we entered Belgium on foot, booked a room, ordered a meal and settled down to wait until the other car should reach Liege. As we waited a freezing fog descended. When the time seemed ripe I telephoned and found a night-watchman who spoke only Flemish. The waiter and then the proprietress of the hotel took over in turn, trying to leave a message for the Simca crew, but had to admit defeat, saying: "The man is an imbecile."

When the Simca crew arrived, very late, and were confronted with an incoherent and Flemish-speaking night-watchman, they rushed out into the fog, persuaded a passer-by to act as interpreter, and eventually he

announced: "A lady telephoned to say the two men in the Spanish car are not coming." But where the Spanish car was and who this lady might be who could so deflect the Englishman and the Spaniard from the course of duty on a foggy night in the Belgian countryside remained a mystery until I came through making one last attempt with the telephone before going to bed.

It took a large part of the next day, which was Saturday, and many long-distance telephone calls to get the Pegaso into Belgium, and we never got our racing tyres because the factory was shut for the weekend. We had to do the best we could on the existing tyres which were not considered reliable for sustained speeds over 100 m.p.h. The results were certainly impressive. With an engine of only $2\frac{1}{2}$ litres (but developing 165 b.h.p.) the Pegaso accelerated from 0 to 100 m.p.h. in 35 seconds using only the first four of its five speeds, and it would surge from 70 to 90 in a mere 9.3 secs. Maximum speed was about 120 m.p.h. but we dared not try a series of timed runs for these were touring tyres and they had to get us back to Paris.

We had many more adventures on the way back, and I reached Paris just in time to pick up my wife, my car and my luggage and make a mad dash through thick mist to Dunkirk to catch the night ferry which would get me into London on Monday morning in time to start another week's work. By that time I was shouting in my sleep but needless to say my colleagues asked: "Had a nice holiday?"

The Pegaso went on to build itself a place among the world's fine cars. Saowtchik and Carrozzeria Touring built elegant bodies for it; a special model with twin-fuselage body set up speed records and it was entered at Le Mans, while a beautifully sectioned show chassis became a feature of the big international motor shows. The four-camshaft V8 engine went up to 3.2 litres, giving 220 b.h.p., and to create a quieter, more flexible car for the carriage trade a V8 pushrod engine was produced giving 285 b.h.p. from 4.8 litres. But the number of rich people able to pay the price for this kind of jewel is strictly limited and Pegaso now concentrate on their beautifully finished trucks, buses and coaches.

An early Pegaso (and Gordon Wilkins)*The Pegaso roadster by Serra*

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DINING IN

Solo for asparagus

by HELEN BURKE

THREE TIMES IN ONE week I heard young people remark that they do not like to have meat and vegetables on the plate at the one time.

A vegetable course on its own is a practical idea for several reasons. A crowded plate can put one off one's food and it can be difficult to manage things like a poussin (or half a double one) with vegetables also on the plate. If vegetables are served as a separate course, one can make much more of them.

Asparagus is an example. Think of trying to handle it on the same plate as meat, as I have seen it done. It is not only a messy job but also quite a performance. The opportunity of staging the asparagus is also lost.

An asparagus pan which can also be used to make soup and braise small pieces of meat is a worth-while investment. That remarkable Frenchwoman, Madame Cadec, of Greek Street, who sells everything for the home and restaurant kitchen, has designed a tall narrow one, complete with basket, costing 35s.

So to the asparagus: Thinly peel or scrape the stalks from about

half-way down to make sure that there is no sand left behind. Wash the stalks in plenty of cold water. Trim off the woody ends to have stalks of uniform length. Stand them in the basket.

Have enough salted water in the pan to cover the tips of the asparagus. Bring it to the boil. Lower the basket into it and boil gently for 15 to 20 minutes or until a sharp-pointed knife or cook's 2-pronged fork penetrates a head easily. Lift out to drain. Have ready one of several sauces. My favourite is Mousseline.

This begins as Hollandaise sauce. If you prefer it, omit the cream. Melt eight oz. butter and turn it into a small jug for easy handling. In a small pan, simmer together one tablespoon wine vinegar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt and a pinch of freshly-milled pepper until the vinegar is reduced to a third. Remove and add a teaspoon or so of cold water and the yolks of three eggs. Stand the pan in a larger one of warm water and whisk until the mixture is thick and creamy. The water in the pan must not become more than hot, because it is too easy to scramble the eggs.

Now pour in the melted butter in a thin stream, whisking rapidly and leaving behind the curdy white deposit in the jug. That is all there is to it. To make the Mousseline sauce of this Hollandaise one, whip $\frac{1}{8}$ to $\frac{1}{4}$ pint double cream until fairly stiff and, at the last minute, fold it into the Hollandaise.

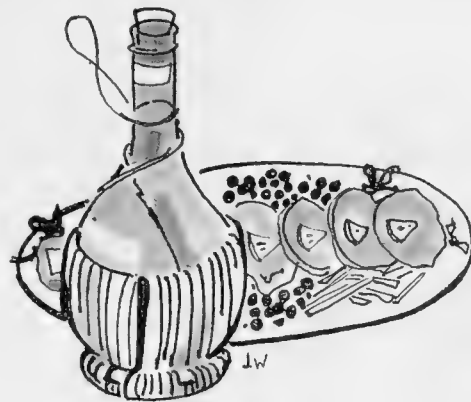
Either of these sauces is delightful with globe artichokes, cauliflower and sprouting broccoli, served on their own.

And all the above vegetables are just as delicious when served cold with the following dressing. Mix together three parts olive oil, one part lemon juice or mild wine vinegar and pepper and salt to taste. For those who like it, a little made mustard can be added. For a more piquant Vinaigrette Sauce, add to taste chopped capers and onion, parsley, chervil and tarragon

or those which are available. Chives can stand in for onion.

Even peas and carrots, dressed with a little butter or a creamy white sauce, are much more pleasant served on their own. Another serve-by-itself dish is succotash, a pleasing mixture of kernel corn and lima or broad beans glistening with butter. Still another American dish which I like is Harvard beets. You can use freshly boiled beetroots but I like the canned little ones, thickly sliced and added to the following sauce: Blend together two oz. sugar, one good dessertspoon cornflour and a teacup of vinegar and water, half and half. Stir over heat until the mixture comes to the boil. Simmer for five minutes.

If I use canned beetroots, the stock remains. Add it to a can of clear soup for an excellent beetroot consommé.



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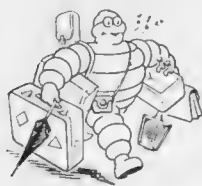
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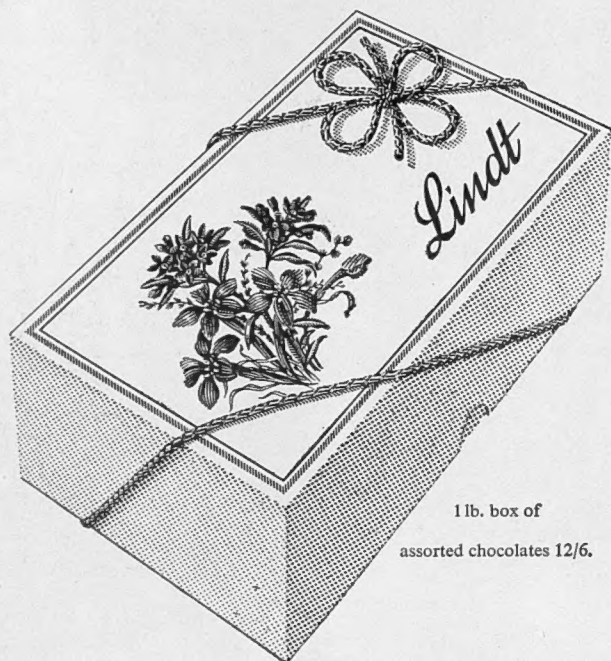


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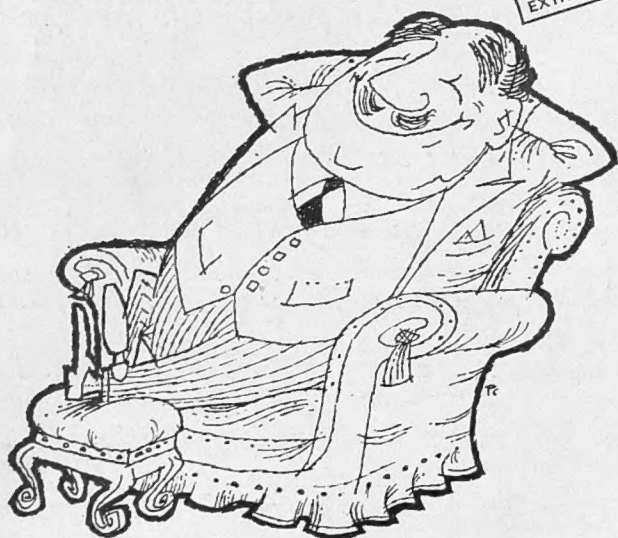
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DINING OUT

Wine on the Lines

by ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

MY VISIT to the wine cellars of the Hotels and Catering Services of British Transport in Derby was an enlightening one. Even more so when I discovered that in spite of its great size, it was only one of their three main cellars.

Remember, the railways not only run trains—they have a number of large hotels. Those in the industrial centres are packed to capacity all the year round, and since they sell a vast amount of wine they need to have equally vast cellars.

I had the good fortune to travel up (by train of course) with Stephen Sweeney, their wine buyer. It appears that in 1908 during his apprenticeship with the railways he found himself for a short while attached to the wine cellars at Paddington. There, in a flash, he discovered that wine was undoubtedly his line, and it became not only his line but his life.

He has been in the wine trade for 51 years and has paid many visits to the vineyards of France, Spain, Portugal, Germany and Italy. He was appointed wine and spirit buyer to the Great Western Railway in 1919 and in 1948 when nationalisation came along he was appointed to the same position for the whole of the Hotel and Catering Services (as he says) from Dornoch to Penzance and from Dover to the Kyle of Lochalsh.

I asked him what qualities he looked for from wines which had to be served on trains. One was that they should be pleasant to drink when young; another that they should be sufficiently robust to stand up to incessant changes of temperature and that they should be reasonable in price. For example, for lunch on our way up we had a bottle of Medoc for 13s. Mr. Sweeney said this had a bottle age of about two years.

The wine list varies according to the train and the length of the

journey. You will obviously get a better selection on the Flying Scotsman or the Cornish Riviera than on a comparatively short run to Derby. Here the red wines are chosen from those which do not readily throw a crust, and champagne is available.

I talked to him about quantities and at the time of talking he had 1,500,000 bottles in stock, 200,000 of which were laid down for maturing. This did not include the great quantities of wine in cask which they bottle themselves.

We were joined at the Midland Hotel in Derby—where we stayed the night in considerable comfort—by Lord Rusholme, a member of the British Transport Commission, and Mr. F. G. Hole, General Manager of the whole of British Transport Hotels and Catering Services.

We dined at the Midland that night and all went off on a marathon tour of the cellars next day, accompanied by Mr. Radford, the Cellar Superintendent, who has been over twenty years in wine, and Mr. Forshaw, the foreman, who has been in the wine trade all his life.

On the principle that a first-class chef likes a break from preparing routine meals, we left the menu to Donald Mackinnon, Manager of the Hotel, who received much of his early training in Switzerland, Germany and other parts of Europe (and has been with the railways for twenty years), and his maitre chef, Mr. Frankland (who has also had twenty years' service with the Group). This is the menu they chose and we enjoyed: Petite Marmite Henri IV; Filet de Sole Walewska, with a Pouilly Fuissé '53; Poussin en Cocotte Bergère, Timbale de Légumes, Pommes Nouvelles au Beurre with a bottle of Pape Clement '52; Soufflé au Parmesan.

The wines were selected by Stephen Sweeney and had been bottled in the cellars underneath our hotel.



Lord Rusholme (a member of the British Transport Commission) and Mr. F. G. Hole (General Manager of the British Transport Hotels Catering Services)

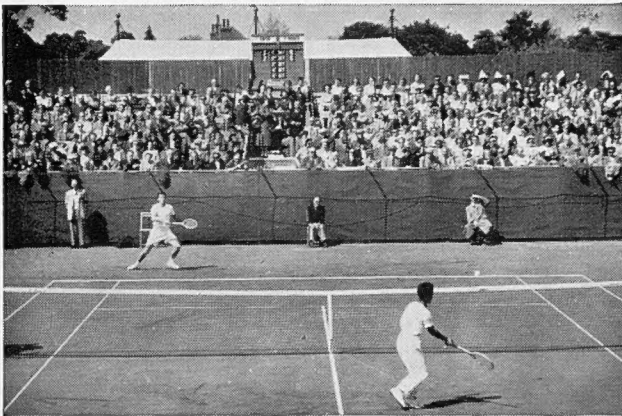
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